A GARDEN OF GRAVE AND GODLIE FLOVVRES:

SONETS, ELEGIES, AND EPITAPHS.

Planted, poliſhed, and perfected

By

Mr. ALEXANDER GARDYNE.

Et ſacer & magnus Vatum labor.

EDINBVRGH
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With Licence.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE LORDS OF HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE his most honorable Privie Councel, *and Colledge of Iustice.*

MOst powerfull Peers, *cheef* Pillers *of th'* Empire,
Strong Pedestals, *whereon the* State *does stay*,
Ministring Mercur's, *to the Sacrat* Syre,
Our Joue *Great* JAMES *and our* Agustus *ay*:
Those lurid, sad, and those Thanatik *Theams*,
I consecrat to your most Noble Nam's.

Your Lo. Most humble Orator

M. Alex. Gadyne.

TO

THE TRVELIE RELIGIOVS, RIGHT HONORABLE, AND VERIE LEARNED ALEXANDER GORDON of Clunie. S.

LOoke for no liuely lyn's that may allure,
Or verſe of worth, that will provok to view,
They want all pow'r Poetick to procure,
And frame a louely liking vnto Yow,
My minor Muſe, no new'r a draught she drew,
From Helicon, or Aganippe well,
Bot ever ſtill a lower ſtight she flew,
Nor Pindus hight, where Delius does dwell:
No ſuch a friendlie fortune Her befell,
For to be plunged in Parnaſſus ſprings,
Or ſee the Siſters in their Sacrat Cell,
VVhence Poets all, their braue inventions brings:
Bot she her grouth got in Garden whair,
Nor Pallas, nor Apollo doeth Repair.

Ex libris Gulielmi Guild

2.

THat gallant *Greeke*, cognominate the Grand,
Who ſometime All the Mundane *Monarchie*,
By Martiall might did conqueſſe and command,
Voutchafed with a louelie looking eie:
Als well to view, and with deſire did ſee,
An halting *Vulcan*, as an *Venus* fair,
His Royall Father *Philip* likwiſe Hee
To take (tho a Potentat) did not ſpair,
(A Grace I grant in ſuch a Roy bot rair,
And from a Peſant, in a publict place)
A Globe of Graips, and what I mark was mair,
He tooke them friendlie but a frowning face:
Swa if this ſmall *(Sir)* you ſhall accept alſo,
You ſhall make vp a ternarie of two.

3.

THe *Perſeans* keept a cuſtome with their King,
To giue him gifts, mean, or magnificent;
Amongs thoſe One, did for Oblation bring,
A water Coup, and did his *Prince* preſent:
He gratious Lord, as it had excellent,
And Royall bene, reſpected the Propine,
As if there had bene from ſome Sengzeour ſent,
A Jemme or Jewell, of the Iles of Inde,
Remarking much the meaning, and the minde
Affected well, he in that fellow fand,
More nor the worth, the qualitie and kinde,
Of that he held into his Hienes hand:
Then Gratious more, proue nor the *Perſian* Kings,
That made ſo much of light and little things.

Bot

Bot *Sir*, if to, my will, or to your Worth,
My worthles verſe they war equivalent;
J ſhould not feare, to ſend them freely forth,
To byd the Braiſh, of each Arbitriment,
Yet if my trauels taine can but content,
And moue thy minde, my labors to Allow,
My paines Jmploid, are profitably ſpent,
Jf that they bot, doe help to honour you,
Bot had I borne, the *Bayes* aboue my Brow,
Or beene circunded with the *Laurell greene*,
I ſhould more largely notefie it now
How much t'augment thy Greatnes, J am ge'ine,
And make the world and this Se-circled Ile,
Amazd t'admire, *Thee* in moir ſtately ſtyle,

Aberden the 25. of Auguſt. 1609.

Your Hon. bounden and deuoted,

Mr. *Alex. Gardyne*,

To

TO THE DISCRET READER.

I Publiſh nought, nor put I to the Preſſe,
Thir Toeſies, to purchaſe me an praiſe,
Nor, is my driſt, nor my deuiſe to dreſſe,
Elabrat lines, vpon Reſpects to raiſe,
And mount my Muſe, *vpon the front of* Fame,
To get me Gaine, or t'eternize my Name.

Nor doe I on, ſelf-confidence or skill,
For price, or place, preſumptuouſly aſpyre,
My meaning much, you doe miſtake: my will,
Is to get done, my Diſtitch *laſts deſire,*
Slip all the ſmooth, *ſleik what you ſee* vnſound,
Help whair they halt, *Abreage when they* abound.

Thine if you merit,

Alex. Gardyne.

CERTAINE ENCOMIASTICK POESIES to the Author.

I Seeme like *Cynthia* while thou ſhines I ſweare,
I am miſtun'd whairas Thou ſweetely ſings,
And barren too, whair Thou begins to beare,
Whoſe Ruſtick Muſe bot Baſtard brats forth brings:
Yet what I can, Ile doe it in thy ſight,
Wart but to len, a luſter to thy light.

I will not preaſe, to pratle of thy praiſe,
Thy worke bears witneſſe of thy wondrous worth,
Bot while I liue and when I end my daies
J maſt intreat thy fauour this farre forth:
About thy *Garden* place me neere hand by,
That J may ſmell thy floures whair eu'r J lye.

So ſhall I reſt contented Jn thy fauor,
Grac'd, while J grow, In ſuch a glorious Ground,
Whair Vertue, Wit, and worth ſo ſweetly ſauour,
Whair Eloquence and Art ſo much Abound:
Whair I ſhall proue part of thy ſweet Repoſes,
Surpaſſing ſugred Myrrh and muſced Roſes.

Anonimos.

AS Beautie ſtill deſires to be in ſight,
Of ſaddeſt Sable and miſhapen Statures,
The more to grace thair admirable light,
By the default of ſuch deformed Creatures:
As *Cynthya* be day can giue no glance
While bright *Apollo* ſhowes his Radiance.

So gratious *Gardyne* wonder of thy Age,
Thou gains a world of praiſe for euerie verſe,

Thy

Thy Countries honour thus thou does agraige,
All Nations thy, Inuentions sall rehearse:
Poore pettie Poems now your heads goe hide,
While greater light here stains your glistring pride.

Ane light that showes be shining euery whair,
What Lamps are lost in *British* learned brains,
For lack of Patrons to maintain the rair,
And royall spirits that the Earth retaines:
Liue *Gardine* then, and loue thy *Patron* best.
Ile praise you both, and pray for all the rest.

T. G.

With *Pyrameids*, of Poliz'd *Porphir* proud,
Great *Princes* Toumbs, are beautified we see,
And with the gold of *Ophyr* fortunes Good,
Their palaces stand poynting at the skie:
Thus while they liue their glorie they maintaine,
Thus while they die, they make it liue againe.

Yet all that *life*, is bot a liuing *Death*,
And all this *death*, a dying *life*, and All,
Their Trains, and honours, that attend their breath,
Are but Rich marks, ye more to frame their fall,
And after life, that painted honours stone,
With flying *Time*, consumed is and done.

Liue than, that life, come not vnto decay,
And if it come, yet that it shall nought die,
Into this *Garden* gather vp thou may
How still thy Name, may still eternall be:
For be chose fruites of *Alexanders* lore,
Thou dies in Vertue for to liue in Gloir,

M^r. *W. Bar.*

SONET.

TWo ſorts of men be bound to loue thy lyns,
Two ſorts therefore aught to proclame thy Praiſe,
Thir ſev'rall ſorts, them ſelues ſhows and defines.
The *Dead*, and als the *Living* in their daies,
The *Dead* they ſhould aſcent to thy Aſſayes
Since by thy Lines, Reſuſſitat and ſure,
Their *Fame* revived, and immortall ſtayes,
And by thy Deed, eternall ſhall indure.
The *Living* too, vnleſſe they thee injure,
Into whoſe praiſe, thy *Poeſies* thourpend,
Should in Thy Cauſe, at Criticks hands procure,
And ſpair no pains, thy *Fame* for to defend:
Wherefore I judge, (and juſtlie) all ingins,
Aliue and *Dead*, be bouud to loue thy lines.

GReene *Garden* great, and gallant is thy glore,
And happie thou, that ſuch a troup contains,
A comelie Court, a rich and ſtable ſtore,
Hem'd here within thy heavenlie hedge remains:
Great *Delius*, diſhanting *Parnaſs* vſes,
And with him all, theſe Maids admir'd the *Muſes*.

That tripill Tryn haue here transferd their ſeat,
And here *Apollo* hes his Palion pitcht,
Whereby no *wene*, *Invention* nor *conceat*,
Is not thy *Muſe* attempted not, nor toucht:
Wherefore J think condinglie thou may clame
One leafe out of the *Lawrell* Diademe.

Since

Since in thy Breaſt boyls thoſe inſpiring ſprings,
From whence does flow that liuelie liquor ſweet:
Wherein Thou baths thy Virgin Muſes wings,
And at thy pleaſure in thoſe fonts does fleet:
From whence thy Muſe exceeding ſtore extracts,
That through the Mundan Map thee famous maks.

W. T.

IN Good or Bad, the worke bewrays the Man,
And by the frute we clearlie know the Tree,
How cunning and, how great a *Gardner* than
Declares thy gallant *Garden* thee to bee?
For therein thou maks blind and ſenſles ſee,
Thy worthie worke, vnto my ſelfe a ſight,
That ſtupefacts my ſenſe, delud's my eie,
And yet it lens vnto my life a light:
For while with Reaſon I doe reckon Right,
And ſee ſuch ſtore doe from one ſtock Proceed,
Frutes freſh and fair, diverſlie dreſt and dight,
Yet diſcrepant in ſapor, ſhape and ſeed:
I muſt ſay then, thou by a thouſand wayes,
Thy practiſe and Poetick powre diſplayes.

M^r.
I. Leſl.

Whoſe

WHoſe pleaſure is into his Paradiſe,
And *Adam* like his *Eden* hath adviſd,
Relent thy courſe by *Gardens* graue adviſe,
Whoſe Muſe divine this ſweeteſt Subject chuſd,
Inſpir'd hereby, he hes profoundly infuſd,
Rare Recipies thy Soule for to renew,
Read with remorſe, and rightlie if thou vſe,
Thou ſhall rejoce, that in our *Ground* there grew
A *Garden* whence ſprings *Cedars* to ſubdew:
Soule-killing ſoars reſulting from thy ſin,
Then wandring *worldling*, hold this in thy view,
Leſt if thou ſtray, thou enter not therein
This *Gardens*-flowrs: had *Alexander* ſeene,
His heart had not halfe ſo ambitious beene.

Alex. Ste.

HIS





VPON HIS MAJESTIES Armes quartered.

LORD be thy boundles bountie from aboue,
The *Britiſh* Great, long tripartited *Throne*,
Vnited now, in pleaſure, peace and loue,
To thee and thine *(Great Iames)* ſhal *Al-be-on*
Diſtractions, greefs, and grudges all are gone,
Competitors, that preaſt thy *Crowns* to clame,
Hes ceaſ'd their ſutes, and leau's to thee *Alone*,
The *Iriſh*, *French*, and th' *Engliſh Diademe*,
Out of all doubt impertinent to them;
And be all Laws belonging vnto thee,
As lo my ſacred *Soveraigne* ſupreme,
Behold here with thy Royall eies, and ſee
The *Leopards*, and *Flowres* of France they bring
The *Harpe*, to ſport their Lord, thee *Lyon* King.

TO HIS SACRED MAIESTIE PROCLAMED KING OF Great Britane.

MOst magnanime, and high imperiall Prince,
Whom *IOVA* juſt, vndoubtedlie ordains,
In peace be *A*, fore-pointed providence,
Of *Al-be-on* all, to rule the royall rains,
The bloodie broyls, where but th'vngodlie gains,
Great *Iove*, ſweete *Time*, and ſacred *Soverain* you,
Haue brogh̄t to end, and everie ſtrength conſtrains,
Before your feete, debaſed like to bow,
The threatning ſtorms of bold *Bellonas* brow,
To pleaſant peace long intertain'd ſhall turne,
As may be noted evidentlie now,
Whill all your bounds, with blaſing bon-fires burne:
Amidſt this mirth, and thoſe triumphiug things,
Giue GOD the glore, the *Creator* of Kings.

CON-

CONGRATVLATION

FOR HIS MAIE-*STIES DELIVERIE* FROM THE SVLPHVRIOVS

Treason in the Parliament house.

Sonet. 1.

LIft vp your hearts and hands vnto the *Lord*,
Applaud, giue praise, and with the Psalmist sing,
Vnto his *Maiestie* Misericord,
For saif conserving of thee *Soveraigne King*:
Giue glore to *God*, and thank him for this thing,
Laud we the *Lord*, with heavenlie hyms on hie,
That by that bloodie boutchrie did him bring:
Devisd for him with secret subtiltie.
Extend the *Truth*, tell this eternallie,
With mirrie minds conjunctlie all rejoes,
IEHOVA just, Almightie, magnifie,
That fred him from the furie of his foes.
Triumph and sing for this deliverance sweet,
Praise to the *Father*, *Sonne*, and holie *Sprit*.

Sonet 2.

IT is not flamm's of artificiall fir's,
That thou the *Lord* craves for a recompence:
Nor is it pompe oſtentiue thou requjr's,
For wondrous preſervation of the *Prince*,
It is not Mundane vane magnificence,
Nor ſliding ſhow's, that momentarie bee,
Bot it is zeale, thanks, and obedience,
With gladneſſe of the minde to glorifie,
Thee thee the *Lord*, that hes ſo lovinglie,
Even from a fore-decrited death, out-drawen:
Thy ſervant that, ſinceirlie ſerveth *Thee*,
To cauſe on him, thy loue, and care, be knawne.
A paill of pray'r, not artificiall fir's,
The *Lord* for this, deliverance deſir's.

TO

TO THE CITTIE OF ABERDEN
at the death of that excellent D. DAVID *Bishop of* Aberd.

THe Prince of preaching Pastors in thir parts,
Thy *Archidoctor* deareſt and divine;
The light of learning in the liberall Arts,
Thy ſenior ſage, in everie Science ſine,
Thy faithful Father, and informer fine:
Thy deareſt *Dauid* in the Lord is loſt,
Thy *Cypr'an Ambroſe*, and thy *Auguſtine*,
The Earth for Heaven thy *Cunninghame* hes coſt:
Whill as *Religion* with her lowd laments,
For his departure powreth out her plaints.

To *Church* and *King*, what detriment and skaith,
The breaths-abridging *Burrio* does bring:
Here in this death, is eminent to baith,
For lo the *Church*, a *Columne*; and the *King*
A *Conſull* graue, inlaiks in everie thing
The people a *Platter* of their publict pace,
Ane Symboll ſure, and an aſſured ſigne,
Of ſome approching perrell to the place:
Where he was wont divinlie to indite
The miſteries of holie ſacred write.

THE

THE OPINION OF THE worldlie eſtate of the honorable and learned Mr Walter Steward *Principall of the Kings Colledge of Aberdon at his death.*

LIfe, Lordſhips, friends, all eaſe and earthlie glore,
Pomp, Pleaſure, Pride, Renown & worldly wealth,
Sprit, manhood, ſtrength, eſtate, and treaſures ſtore,
Blood, beutie, clan, and honour here but health,
Like dying lamps into the longeſt night,
Are falſe deluding dainties but delight.

Preheminence, ſoveranitie, and place,
Great dignities, and tranſitorious joyes:
Promotions high, diſcents from royall race,
Time turnes to nought, *Death* alters and deſtroyes:
As water-bell's with little blaſts are blowen,
So with leſſe breaths they are againe ou'r-throwen.

Wit, learning, skill, ſweet Eloquence and vene,
In faculties, intelligence profound:
Soliditie, and quicknes of the braine,
And in all Earthlie bleſſings to abound:
Are alway vaine, and fooliſhnes in fine,
Without that *wiſdome* heavenlie and divine.

Men are not made for ever permanent,
In *Mein*, nor *Monarches* is no ſteadfaſt ſtrength,
Men are no more, here bot a trau'ling tent,
And they ſhall leaue this lingring life at length:

Remoue

Remoue and wend out of this vaill their wayes,
For they the part of posting Pilgrims playes.

What they in their Inventiue braine haue bred,
Be means of their imagination vaine:
And with expence perfectlie haue exped,
By ill governing is disgrac'd againe:
And that which *Fame* and *Fortune* hiest bure,
Oft lies full lowe, inglorious and obscure.

Why do we then in fragill flesh confide,
And boldlie buildes our aspirance and trust;
Since nothing breaths that here is borne to bide.
Of *Nothing all*, *all* vnto *Nothing* must:
Revert and turne, *Death* will in end devore,
And flesh transchange to filth, as a before.

Disdaine those base and lowest earthlie things,
Flie through the skies vnto his burning throne;
Whose blessed sight to the beholders brings,
(Be meere affection, and his loue alone:)
Those sacred, holie, benefits and blest,
Peace, *wealth* and *ease*, *content* and *quiet rest*.

Abandon then those all alluring baits,
Which to the *Soule* frams ruine and decay;
Be not infected with those frivole fraits,
That are in heavenlie happines a stay:
So in the earth your Names shall be renownd,
And in the heavens with Christ coheird & crownd.

Non

Non est mortale quod opto.

NOt mortal, no, nor earthlie is my aime,
Nor point's it to, great *Powers* or empir's
To *Favours* fraill, nor to officious *Fame*,
Nor is it ſworn, to ſenſuall deſires:
Nor wold I wiſh what worldlings covet moſt,
Glore got with eaſe, and with leſſe labor loſt.

No tracking traſh, nor tranſitorious things,
Not *Mammons* muck, that Mundans moſt on muſe;
Impeds my Sprit, which ſtill aſpiring ſprings,
That onely and Eternal good, to chuſe:
Which Spirits bad, nor Angels bleſt aboue,
Not in a point can alter, change, or moue.

No, bot it is that pure impaſſiue *Spirit*,
That ere all time was, ſhall, and onely is:
Good, juſt and wiſe, immortall, infinit,
God all in all, all onely is my wiſhe:
For in the ſame exceſſiuelie I ſhall,
Haue infinit, and what I wold haue, all.

TO

VPON THE HONORABLE

the Laird of Tolquhon.

ATtend, come view, behold here ſhall you ſee
Into this graue, as in a ſtealed glaſſe,
The ſuddaine change of men that mortall bee,
Now men, now metamorphoſ'd in a maſſe,
Now paill and wan, that even now vitall was,
Now braue, now blyth, now bodie but a breath,
Now fleſh and blood, now are we duſt and aſſe,
Now like to liue, now ſubject vnto death,
Now firie is, now froſen hard our faith,
Now faithfull friends, now falſe and fained foes,
Now patient, now angrie full of wraith,
Now filthie weid, now fragrant like the roſe:
Now pampred vp like painted pots are wee,
And droſſe againe, in twinkling of an eie.

2.

REligion laiks out of this land a lampe,
Thou *Publict-well* weep for thy member may,
Thou *Vertue* wants the Captaine of thy camp,
Thou *Countrey* him that did thee honour ay:
You *Poore* haue loſt, that ſeldome ſaid you nay,
You *Friends* your beſt, and onely permanent:
Vnto you ſex, the damnage done this day,
What pithie pen in paper can imprent,
Truth, Vertue, Friends, Well, Countrey, Poore, lament,
His death to you that deutie did diſcharge,
And wroght with wit and wiſdome to invent,
But others loſſe, your limits to inlarge:
Then ſex in one, come honour now his death,
A liue who to diſhonour you was leath.

To the Countrey where he lyes.

OF *Buchan* ground thou hes in graue thy glore,
And of thy *Lairds* the light within thee lyes:
Thou keeps his corps that beſt could thee decore,
And was be vote (amongs the wiſeſt) wyſe,
Thou does depreſſe that cauſd thee to ariſe,
And made thy Fame in everie Firth to flee,
His *Trophee* then Eternall maks thee twiſe,
Firſt that thou bred one worthie ſuch as hee,
Next that his bones ſhould in thee buried bee;
And though thou Earth, his earthlie joints enjoy,
Deviſed, made, and deſtinate to die,
Yet doubtles death dow never his deeds deſtroy:
For thought ye both do your deuour in this,
Fame and *Remembrance* ſhall amend your mis.

Proſop. to his liuing friends.

CEaſe mortall men, for me mourne ye no more,
You griue your God, and craibs him but a cauſe,
Ye follow faſt, though that I go before,
Death for thee laſt, be courſe each of you knowes,
The daily dead you ſure example ſhowes,
You weep in vaine, your mourning Me diſmaies,
Ye get no wrong, God ſheares bot where he ſow's:
Your childiſh plaints, your weaknes lo bewrais,
Think after Death what ſtate ſtil for you ſtaies,
Pray with *S. Paul* for diſſolution ſyne,
Think not by Death the better part decaies,
Bot think that death men worldlie maks divine:
The Scripture ſays, we ſhall diſſolue, not die,
Then wait the houre, and mourne no more for mee.

Vpon

Vpon his deare friend Mr. A. M.

GIf losse of friends, if damnage great, or skaith,
May moue to mourne, to waill, or to lament:
The first I think the greatest of them baith,
Yneugh for me, and a fit argument,
Too much for those not toucht with such intent,
For friendes or Fortune, once to mone or moue,
To all I say, this is sufficient,
Agreing to all harmed Mens behoue,
Prick with the spur, and force of onfold loue,
To such a one as by a just desert,
Sould longer liu'd, bot (weerds) I you reproue,
And curst be thou death with thy dreadfull dart:
That in the spring and prime time of his yeere,
Hath from his being broght him to his Beere.

Vpon the verteous and worthie Virgin Helen Chein.

INjurious *Death*, thy rage is but regarde,
No reason reuls where once thou gets a rest:
With reprobats the right reap's like rewarde,
The godles, good, the mein, and mightiest,
Thy dart to dust, does reddie bring the best,
And ay thou wretch, the worthiest invyes,
As on this *Maid* thou hes made manifest,
That here interd into this Temple lyes,
The wisest wight that Nature could devise,
Whose Fame thy force and furie shall confound,
When from each pen her praise proceid thou spies,
Then Death all shall, to thy disgrace redound:
And where she rests shall be inrold thy rage,
For inarring her in morning of her age.

Vpon the honorable the Laird of Corſs.

THe glorious Gods, ô ſeldome wonder ſtrange,
Dreſt in their dule, convoied all with cair,
Wrath for thy wrack, all willing to revenge,
Thy wrong, down from the watrie voulted Air,
Hes left the Heavens, their habitations thair,
Thy dolent death to quite it, if they can:
The thundring *Ioue* to magnifie thee mair,
Hes vou'd to venge vpon the Sprit's that ſpan
Thy threid ſo thin; the mightie *Mars*, ſay's than
The ſpoyls of death ſhall grace the graue aboue,
In ſpight of death, in witnes that thou wan
Of all the *Gods*, the favour, grace, and loue.
Apollo laſt, laments thee with the laue,
And vow's t'ingraph thy glore aboue thy graue,

Vpon the honorable I. Irv. of Pet.

LIke as the *Date*, or ſilver plumed *Palme*,
That planted is vpon an open plaine,
But helpe of hedge, to keep it cloſe and calme,
From v'olent winds, and from the rapping raine,
Does vpright riſe, and levell like a raſh,
And blooming bears her frute, and flooriſh freſh.

So he that back, as to his mothers womb,
This quiet *Caverne*, and this ſilent *Cell*,
Returned is, into this terrene tombe,
Againſt thoſe foes, the *world*, the *Devill*, and *Hell*:
He ſtoutlie ſtroue throgh force of faith & ſtrength,
And *Iacob*-like, here Victor-lyes at lenth.

DIA.

DIALOG VPON THE DEATH OF P. F. *Baillie of Aberden.*

CIVES.

STay ſtranger thou, that ſo preceiſlie ſpyes
With earneſt eies, and on thoſe Graues does gaze,
Look here below, where thou ſhalt ſee there lyes,
Mater to make thee both to mourne and maze:
For yeares a youth, dead in his tender dayes,
Enrich'd with graces reaſonable, and rare,
As thou ſhalt ſee all thoſe lamenting layes,
And dulefull ditons cunninglie declare:
Then thou hes to dilat an other day,
Of ſuch a man thou red into thy way.

PEREG.

The mourning of ſo many modeſt men,
The *Deads* deſerts, does evidently ſhowe,
And cauſeth all inquiſitiue to ken
What was his worth, that here is layd ſo lowe,
Through dint of death, and deſtanies ov'rthrowe,
And what his parts were, by their plaints appears,
Which ſurelie ſeru's him for to ſonnd to blow,
Aud put his praiſe in all the honeſts ears:
And for my ſelfe, J wolde enlarge the ſame,
And forther eik a fether to his faine.

Brethring in brugh, and ye his brether borne,
And all that hes of his acquentance bene:
Doe what ye can, his death for to adorne,
And mourne no more, it will not mend to mein,
Set forth the Fame of the defunct your friend:
Ye *Poets* kyth, your cunnings, craft, and can,

To

To cauſe his fame, ſtill flooriſh, freſh, and greene,
And be zour *Muſe*, jmmortall make the man:
So zow's be Partner of the praiſe, and be,
Remembred both, and honoured as He.

Giue zit no partiall nor a ſparing praiſe,
Pen onely that, that reaſon weele, may craue,
Jt buits nought much, aboue all bounds to blaze,
Superfluous praiſes, graces not the Graue,
Rander the right, and let alone the leaue,
Extend the Truth, and ſurely ſo you ſhall,
Alot him all the honour he would haue,
Both in his life, and his laſt funerall:
Wouchaif to write, and lend him lin's thairfoir,
That be zour means, he may liue euermoir.

Remors and ſorrow for ſinne.

LOrd lend me light, for to lament my life,
And ſharpe my ſight, to ſorrow for my ſin;
Reſtraine the furie, and the mortall ſtrife,
Of ſpreit, and fleſh, that I am entred in:
Permit me not, without recourſe to rin,
Nor walk the waies, of the vnchaſtiz'd child,
Bot giue me grace, and grant me to begin,
For to refuſe, the folies that defyld,
My ſinfull ſoule, and all my ſenſes ſyld,
With ſhowes of wordly vanities, and welth,
And thoſe inglorious gloſis that begyld,
And did with hold, me from my heauenly health:
Lord be thy ſpreit, make me perceaue & ſpy-them,
And then renounce, and vtterly deny-them.

God

God grant me grace, for to digeſt my greif,
And for the ſpreit, of patience I pray:
Lord ſend my Soule, that long deſir'd releif,
And now conuert, my *Carioune* to clay;
Contract the Time, Lord thraw the threid in twa,
And let me murne my miſeries no moir,
Diſlodge this life, and doe not long delay,
To enter me, in Thy eternall gloir,
Whair J may liue Thy louing face befoir,
Thair with thy Saincts, vnceſſantly to ſing,
Thy perfect praiſe, and but all end adoir,
Thy holy name, high Prophet, Preiſt, and King:
Vntie my tongue, that I may ſing, and ſay,
O holy *God*, all holy, holy, ay.

Inuocation for ſeaſonable weather.

O Puiſſant Prince, and King Cunctipotent,
Whoſe bodie rent, was on the rack, or Rude,
For mans great good, O Lord thy ſelfe was ſhent,
Of that intent, the *Deuill* to denude;
Vs to ſeclude, from that feirce fierie flood,
Whilk reddie ſtood, to drink vp, and demain,
That thou had then, boght with thy bliſſed blood,
The heauenly foode, that fed thy *Iſra'l* faine,
Lord ſend againe, to Nuriſh vs thy awne,
Since floods of Raine, down falls out from the Aer,
That we deſpaire, to reape the fruites, and graine,
Whairwith the plaine, is now ore'ſpread alwhair,
My ſute then Lord, with ſpreit depreſt receaue,
Grant J may haue, that heir I humbly craue.

Prayer

A TRAYER FOR THE ESTATE of the Church.

O Lord that art the ſtrength and ſteadfaſt rock,
Let thy out-ſtreatched arme frie and defend,
That now in danger be, thy faithfull flock,
Which was, which is, and ſhall be to the end:
Cauſe now thy care vpon the Church be kend,
When Reprobats vpriſes to rebell,
And with their tricks and treaſons does intend,
To wreſt thy Word, thou dictat hes thy ſell,
Thought of the trueth, no thing them ſelues can tell,
Bot boaſts vs with the ſtrength of ſtrangers ſword,
Apoſtat Papiſts, from all parts expell,
Or turne them truelie to avow thy word.
Imped their Platt's, their mintings make amiſſe,
That ought bot well to thy *Evangell* wiſſe.

Comfort for my innocent afflicted friend.

LEt not blaſphemous barking beaſts bereaue,
Nor cauſles thy accuſtom'd courage quaill,
For giltles ſtates the keeneſt courage craue,
And moſt does in adverſitie availl:
Though raging Rog's, without all reaſon raill,
And wicked wretches at thy worth envy,
Yet all their falſet in the fin ſhall faill,
When everie one thine innocence ſhall try:
To their eternail infamie and ſhame,
And to the lawd and honour of thy Name.

None bot the worthie are envyed worſt,
And few traduc'd bot of the beſt eſtate,

The

The fineſt oft we finde vnfriendlie forſt,
And with the beaſtlie borne at greateſt hate;
Fooles onely at their Betters fortune frait,
And ſwels to ſee their credit to encreſſe,
Their malice yet ſhould not thy mind amait,
Nor make thy priuat pleaſures proue theLeſſe:
Bot rather moue thee mirthfull more to bee,
And flout thy fooliſh foes that frouns on thee.

A Paſſion.

WHat greefe, what anguiſh great,
What black and bitter baill,
So hurts and harmes my heavie heart,
And never makes to haill?
What hudge misfortunes mee,
Confounds, defaits, and foiles,
What daft deſire, like flamm'sof fire,
Within my bowels boyls?
What ſubtill ſlight deſaits,
What trains my *ſoule* to trap?
What wicked wiles my will invents,
Me *wretch* in woe to wrap?
What lubrick pleaſant ſhowes,
With falſe impoyſoned baits,
My fond fantaſtick fancie finds,
To ſenſuall conſaits?
What wylde corrupted thoughts,
As from their rute and ſtock,
Out of my heart, like armies hudge,
About my braine doe flock?
What hundreth thouſand ill's,
From that firſt ſinfull ſeeds,

Into my minde immur'd alace,
All bad abuſes breeds?
What willingnes to vice?
What forwardneſſe to fall?
What prompnes to treſpaſſe is nur-
ced in my naturall?
VVhat readineſſe to ſtray,
VVhat rage from right to rin,
A beaſtlie bygate to embrace,
The ſink of ſhame and ſin?
VVhat inward fooliſh force,
VVhat inclinations ill,
Into my endleſſe errors ay
Makes me continue ſtill? (..)
Or what a madneſſe is't,
That but remorſe or feare,
I with my God almoſt, his *word*
And *will* reveild I weir.
Who in his *Wiſdome* hes
All *Natures* made of naught,
And ilk a *Creature* and *kind*,
Their ſeverall courſes taught.
The *Bodies* all aboue,
The *ſpheir* and cirled *Heauen*,
He maks rin reſtleſſe round about,
As violentlie drawen.
The ſure and ſolid *Ground*,
Juſt placed lik a prick,
In mids alike vnmoueable,
Does ſtill and ſtable ſtick.
With both the ſorts of *Seas*,
Embrodered about,

That

That ſtill does braſh and beat their banks,
With many roar and rout.
He all aboue the Earth,
The Region of the Air,
Right properlie appointed for
His Palace did prepare.
Although the Heaven of *Heavens*,
Moſt poliſhed perfite,
His *Grace* and *Godhood* not contains,
Full glorious, and grite.
For in the *Earth* and *Deeps*,
And *Firmament* moſt fair,
His bleſſed *Sprit* and *Eſſence* is,
Ov'r all and everie-where.
He all and everie thing,
H'apointed hes and plac'd;
And what his *Trovidence* perform'd,
Is nothing void nor waiſt.
The thrid and higheſt *Heaven*,
Great GOD he did ordaine,
For *Angels*, and the bleſſed *Band*,
A manſion to remaine.
The ſubtle *Air* belowe,
And *Firmament* for *Fowles*,
The deadlie *Deepe*, and black *Abyſſ*,
For damned *ſprits* and *ſoules*.
For fleeting finned *Fiſh*,
Freſh *waters*, *Floods* and *Seas*:
For ſavage, wilde, and bloody *Beaſtes*,
He planted *Parks* and *Trees*.
Yet of thoſe all the vſe,
As *Nature* taught, we ken.

He hes appointed for ſupplie,
And nuriſhment to men,
And ſapentlie hes ſet
In ſeaſon ilk a ſort,
And all things as he thinks it good,
Provids for their ſupport.
All formes of *Fiſhe* the *Floods*,
Her eating *Fleſh* the *Field*,
All healthſome *Fowles* for foode, the *Air*,
He hes ordain'd to yeeld.
The *Glob* ætheriall,
And cloſſe compacted *ſpheir*,
He peopled hes with lightſome lamps,
The ſtreaming *ſtarr's*, and cleir.
Some of thoſe litler *Lights*,
But ſteiring ſteadfaſt ſtay,
And ſome their circled courſes change,
And alter erring ay.
And ſuch like *Hee* hes ſet
Theſe ornaments amang,
That through the voults of Criſtall skyes,
Full gleglie glanſing gang.
Twa-glimſing golden *Globes*,
With bodies broad and bright,
The *Greater* for to guide the day,
The *Leſſe* to rule the night.
The ſilver *Cynthia*,
Doeth both increſſe and waine
Into a Month: and *Phœbus* courſe
A yeare concludes againe.
The twiſe two Elements,
And everie other thing;

Abers not by thair limit bounds,
Be th' All-creating *King*.
Bot onl'vnthankfull man
Tho to his vſe alone,
Great good and gratious *God*, did all,
Befoir expreſt, compone:
Zit all the Creatures,
That *He* hes made amang,
Man only know's the right, and zit,
Does walk awry, and wrang,

Fortis eſt falſam infamiam contemnere.

ALL they that loue, and liueth be the law,
And they that ſtur, hir ſtatutes to trangres,
All they of *God*, that his commands do knaw,
Than leud *Reports*, they nothing compt of leſſe,
All they in life, who puritie profeſſe,
Than ſland'ring tongues, they nothing more deteſt,
Wha ſeiks to ſmoir, while they the more increaſe,
The giltles *Fame*, the pure, and perfect beſt,
The *Scripture* ſhewes, the wiſer ſort, expreems,
Detracting tongues, a vice vnworthieſt,
Which God moſt vile, and odious eſteems,
Of falls infamous lies, than think no mair,
Bot as words loſt, and *Echoes* in the air.

Ane prayer for the faithfull.

O Lord whoſe force, and righteonſnes do reach,
From *Monarchies*, vnto the meineſt Mote,
O Lord whoſe Regall ſtaitlines does ſtreach,
O'te all not paſſing once the ſmalleſt iott,

O Lord that sau'd, vnloſt thy ſeruant *Lot*,
And for diſtruſt, ſtrake vp his wife in ſtone,
O *Chriſt* that cur'd, by touching of thy cott,
The *blind*, the *lame*, and *all*, with greifs, begone,
Look Lord, I pray, down from thy thundring throne,
And veiw vs wratches with thy eies deuine,
Guide vs with grace from danger eu'rie one,
Whom thou elects, and chuſes to be thine,
Bliſſe vs on Earth, and giue vs perfect pace,
And in the Heauens fruition of thy face.

VPON THE REVEREND AND GODly M. N.H. *Commiſſar of Aber.*

HEre lies incloſde, within this Caue of clay,
His bloodles bones that boldly did imbrace,
In *Chriſt*, the Truth, vnto his dying day,
Whoſe like now few, are liue and left, alace,
Pereit to Poize, with *pietie*, the place,
That vpright *He*, did but a ſpot preſerue,
By guide gouerning, *godlines*, and *grace*,
Which now to ſound, (that ſurely cannot ſwerue)
Thy publict praiſe, O happie *Soule* ſhall ſerue,
Though *thou* be dead, and death thy droſſe, deuoir,
Thy laud ſhall not, inlaik, that does deſerue,
For to remain, immortall euermoir,
Thy *Name*, by *Fame*, into this land ſhall liue,
Though ſeaſons ſlide, it permanent ſhall priue.

DIA-

DIALOGVE VPON THE VERTVOVS and Right honourable Sir *Thomas Gordon of Clunie Knight.*

Interlo.

Resp. Fame.
Pub. Weal.

WHair flies thou *Fame*, ſo frantick-like, and faſt?
What chance, or change? what may thy murning moue?
What grieus thee thus, how goes thou ſo agaſt,
What newes in *Earth*, what in the *Heauens* aboue?
Thou Tongue of *Time*, thou *wingd-foote Herold* ſtay,
T'impart th'imployments vnto vs we pray.

Fame.

The force of my, Affaires and woes ſcarſe can,
Permit a pauſe much-leſſe to bide, and breath,
Bot wit *Thou* weele, the *world* it wants a *Man*,
By the vntimous, Tyranie of death.
Whoſe worthines, to ſound out J am ſend,
Vnto the *Heauen* and to the *worlds* end.

Pub.

Whom haue J loſt? *Fa.* A manfull member you,
That lou'd the *Lord*, and held *Religion* deere,
Alas remoued, and tranſported now,
From yow, the faithfull, that are fechtand here.
Vnto his *Home*, the high and ſtately Heauen,
That *God* vnto, the *glorified* hes giuen.

And

And hes thee left, as *Orphane* to bewaill,
And weept his want, with teares and tragick toone.
That from this wofull and this wratched vail,
His ſhyning vertues *Sunne* hes ſet ſo ſoone,
By whoſe eclipſed and declined light,
This day is darke, like the *Cymmeriane* night.

His ſanctified *Soule* celeſtiall,
From whence it came, to *God* againe is gone,
Vp to the higheſt *heauen* imperiall,
Th'appointed Pallace of the *Lord*, where None,
Bot *Soules* of Saints, and bleſſed Angels be,
Elect to life, from all Eternitie.

His Name, Remembrance, and his Memorie,
The Earth vp to, the firmament, ſhall fill,
The mouth's of men, ſhall miniſter with me,
To cauſe them vncorrupt continue ſtill,
And graſſe-like grow, great, glorious, and greene,
As if they were, ſubſtantially ſeene.

How greatly than, thou graced are, O graue,
(A ſeuen foote Cell,) made of the marble mold,
His knighted Corps, with honour thou ſhall haue,
Whoſe *Fame*, skarſe can, the *vniuerſall* hold,
Whairbe the *age*, ſucceeding, this, ſhall ſee,
How rair a *Man*, heir buried lies, in Thee.

To his louing friends.

Proſop.

YOu Honourable, Deere, and louing, *Frends*,
To whome God giues, his graces great, and guid,

Mark

Mark this Mort-head, and your enſewing ends,
See how it ſtands, think ſome-time how it ſtood,
Now bot bare *bones*, and hes *beines*, but their blood,
No worldlie wit to *Kingdomes*, *Crowns*, nor *kin*,
Brings with them *bleſſings* or *Beatitude*,
Nor will they *Heauen* vnto the wicked win,
All Earthlie pompe, if not divod of *ſin*,
Shall turne to *this* wherein my bones are borne,
A trimmed *Tomb*, with rotten waires within,
Brought forth to day, and buried on the morne:
Liue therefore *godlie*, *verteous*, *well* and *wiſe*,
Such happieſt, and onely bleſſed dies.

2.

GOD gaue to me of friends ſufficient,
Of worldlie *wit*, a reaſonable ſtore;
Of *Theſaure* too, vntill I was content,
And *honour* here, yea, whill I crav'd no more:
Yet all is nought, and bot a gloſſe of glore,
Like the *Sol-ſequium*, a fading flowre,
That with the *Sun* does all the day decore
The Gardens greene; ſine ſetteth in an houre.
Bot *Chriſt* my *King*, and Souls-ſweet *Saviour*,
My *comfort* is, my *honour*, *health*, and *all*,
Everlaſting *life*, and never tracking *treaſure*,
That permanent ſhall be perpetuall:
Leaue then deare *Friends*, *wealth* vaniſhing & vaine,
Make *Chriſt* with me your *God*, your *goods*, your *gain*.

A ſtrong Opiniator.

FOr *Fortunes* favour or her fead,
I nether eik nor pairs my trynde;
Though miſreport of me be made,
I nether vex nor moue my minde:
For who to miſreport pretend,
Diſmakes their malice in the end.

I pance not on no preſent things,
Nor covets thoſe that are to come:
I ſturt not for *Cupido's* ſtings,
Nor am I driven to doe as ſome.
For privat pleaſure to preſcriue,
The day of death, or terme of liue.

I faſh me not with *Court* effairs,
I ſute not for a ſeat ſupreame:
I am not cloy'd with *Couutrey* cares,
Nor hunt I for renoune of Name:
For I finde ſooth that wiſe men ſayes,
Fame conqueſt ſoone, als ſoone decayes.

To gather geare is good I grant,
Bot godlie nought therein to glore:
Then ſome-time haue, and ſome-time want,
I for my ſelfe, I wolde no more:
It ſurfets oft, and ſeemeth ſore,
To want, or to be ſtill in ſtore.

With faithfull *Friends* I doe not faſh,
No ended bargane back I bring:

I waiſt

I waiſt me not in vaine to waſh
The woeb J wait that wil not wring:
For folie is to enterpriſe
That not into my power lies.

J doe not hate no others hap.
And am content here with my owne:
I ſtriue not to mount vp a ſtap,
To be two grees againe down-throwne.
Bot I employ me in that place,
Where glore I gaine not, nor diſgrace.

Th'vnpleaſant *Proud* I plaine diſpiſe,
From *Fooles* J flee as from my foes,
I loue and honour ay the wiſe,
And ſtill I doe miſlike of thoſe,
As Sancts that bears a Sanct-like ſhoe,
And yet in deed are no wayes ſo.

For doubtſome changes that may chance,
I nether glade, nor yet I grieue:
For hope of things that may advance,
I nether like to die nor liue:
For worldlie thing is not can
One liue, once make an happie man.

For ſwelling rage of ſorrowes ſhowr's,
As vnaſſaulted ſure I ſitt:
And for vnconſtant ſtormie ſhowr's,
As fixed faſt, I'fotch no futt:
So as a *Bulwark* on the ſtrand,
Rebeatting *Fortunes* bloes I ſtand.

For cumming ſtorm's, I doe forecaſt,
Of greateſt ill's J chooſe the beſt:
J ſet no ſaill, I hew no maſt,
No vehement I know can leſt.
And as no Pilat vnexpert,
I view the *Compas* and the *Cart*.

For inſtant greefe, for gladneſſe gone,
Beleiue J nether heat nor coole,
At all events I ſtill am one,
For ought J nether joy nor doole:
So both in peace and in debate,
J ſtill remaine in one eſtate.

Upon the death of the honorable Ladie D. H. B. L. Eſſel.

The defunct La. to her living friends.

YOu yet that brukes this breath,
By birth who euer you bee;
Diſcend duwn deeplie in your ſelfe,
Conſider, ſearch, and ſee
From whence thou came, when, how,
And whither thou muſt go,
What ſtrength thou hes, what ſtuf thou art,
Learne careleſſe man and kno.
Thou art but momentare,
And not immortall made,
Your fleſh thogh fair,, it fragill is,
Aud like a flowre ſhall fade.
What is thy Idol wealth?
What is eſtate or ſtrength?

And what be theſe thy pleaſures all.
which thou ſhall leaue at length:
They are like ſhooting ſtarres,
That make a ſhining ſhoe,
Or like to theſe ſtraight running ſtreams,
That but regreſſe doe goe.
All fleſh is graſſe, and graſſe,
Be courſe it does decay,
So ſhall the glorie of the fleſh,
Evainiſh [illegible] once away.
Th'vnhappie Heire of Sin,
The *Sonne* of yre forlorne
And giltie baniſht from thy bliſſe,
By *Nature* thou art borne,
O then whence ſprings thy Pride,
Conceau'd in Sin ſince ze,
Be borne in bail, in labour liues,
And out of doubt muſt die.
Vane is the truſt in men,
Thar glorie vaine, and than.
Amongs all vanities, moſt vaine,
The vaineſt Vaine, is Man.
When paſſing pleaſures off,
This poſting life moſt pleaſe,
Zit they, they paſſe, and fade, they flie,
And periſh does all theſe.
To vermine ze convert,
From worms to duſt ze doe.
Diſſolue and all your pompe departs,
To Earth, and aſhes too.
Bot O vaine glorious worme,
In pleaſure, pride, and pompe,

That liues thy life looke here below
To me a liueles lompe.
Wha while I plaid my part,
On the vnſtable ſtage,
And in this wofull wordly vaile,
Paſt o're my pilgrimage,
My *Nature* fram'd me faire, (..)
My *Fortune* gaue me welth,
And many daies my gratious *God*,
With honour gaue me health,
Preferment, Pleaſure, wit,
Contentment, and delight,
Thou wretched world ſaw me poſſeſſe,
With ſolace in thy ſight:
Yet honour, beautie, birth,
Riches, renowne, and rent,
Nor kingdomes can releiue the life,
When here hir ſpace is ſpent.
For Prince nor Peaſant poore,
The Libertine, and ſlaue
The Monarch and the Miſer meine,
Shall all goe to the Graue.
Wit wordly, nor vaine welth,
Nobilitie, nor blood,
T'exeme the one day, from thy death,
Shall doubtles doe no good,
Th'ambitious hautie head?
What helps his honour him,
VVhen dreidful *death*, that ghoſtly Groome
Leane, Meagre, Pale, and grimme,
Feirce, and inflexible,
To peirce him ſhall appeare?

Shall

Shall lordſhips then prolong his life,
Or honour hold him heir?
No not one houre, although,
He did poſſeſſe all that,
Great *Cæſar*, *Cyrus*, *Salomon*,
VVith all their glory gat.
Inane, and futill was,
And like a floure, faſt fled,
The pleaſures all, that they poſſeſt,
And honours which they had;
A *Sar'cine Saladine*,
Once *Emp'rour* of the Eaſt,
VVhen death did him attach, and with,
That rigrous rod arreſt,
Through *Askalon* ſometime,
In *Paleſtine* a Towne,
That proud and pagane Potentat,
Cauſe carrie vp and downe,
Vpon his launce, his linning ſhirt,
And thus cauſd crie: no moir,
Hes now deid *Saladine* of all,
His treaſures, wealth, and ſtoir.
All pleaſure ſo ſhall paſſe,
Gold treaſure is but traſh,
And as the *Sunne* diſſolues the ſnow,
So wealth away does waſh.
And what while we are here,
Seemes to the ſenſe, moſt ſweet,
Or beſt does pleaſe, it is nought but,
Vexation of the ſpreit,
This world then it is nought,
That onely worthy wairs?

That

That ſuld the Chriſtian *Conſcience* cloy,
Nor too much clag, with cares?
No no that is it nought,
Since euery thing, and all,
That earthly is, ſhall haue an end,
And is but temporall,
Weell ſince this world within,
We no thing firme can finde,
And what this life, moſt large does len,
Shall all be left behind,
Goods, children, kin, and frends,
And which more deare, we loue,
Our life we leaue, theirs no remeid,
But from this Monde remoue.
Here honour keepes no hold,
Nor does delights indure,
Zone heauē, this Earth, the Aer, that Sea,
From ſhifting are not ſure:
Nor no thing on the Earth,
(That helps to humane vſe,)
From alteration quite exempe,
Did th' *All-Diuine* produce.
For man, beaſt, fiſh, and foule,
Plant, metall, ſtones, and Trees,
Once widders, wracks, once rots, or ruſts,
Decayes, departs, or dies.
Than thou art madde O man,
Into thoſe toyes to truſt,
That temp'rall are, zea tranſitore:
And nought but droſſe and duſt.
Herefore what is but duſt,
And what thou deems moſt deere.

This

This grassie glore forget, and think
On Heaven whill thou art here.
There lay thy compt a Crowne
To conquesse, and atchyue:
Here throughlie think that there the life,
Ay lasting thou must liue.
Here guide thee so, at lest
To grow in grace, begin
From hollow of thy heart, to hate
Iniquitie and sin.
Prepare provision here,
And make thee in some measure,
There onely there for to extruct,
A never tracking treasure.
And there to dwell here must
Th'endevours be addrest;
Where ever, and perpetuallie
Is pleasure, peace and rest.
And where in full of joy's
The just and blessed byd's,
But change beyond all date of day's,
All termes, all times, and tyd's.
Where Mourning shall in Mirth,
Losse be exchangd in Gaine;
And where Mortalitie refind,
Immortall shall remaine.

EIDEM.

SInce Death, distresse, wrack, wretchednes, and woe,
Since mourning, and since miserie to Man,
Peculiar are, and thy adherents, O!
Why should thou start, and strange esteme them than,

Since Policie nor power carnall can,
Divert, remoue, nor in a point preveine,
Thy danger, or Misfortune fatall, whan,
To ſeaſe on thee, too ſharplie they are ſeene:
No Kingdoms, Crowns, no Kin, nor Conſobrein,
Nor nothing here that *being* hes nor Breath,
Not *Tyrants* with their Terrors can retein,
The vildeſt worme, from dying once the Death:
Since nought can Death, nor ſorrows ſaif from thee
Lamenting liue, and living learne to die.

In what a Labarinthian ſink of ſin?
In what a Maze, in what a miſerie?
Into what greef, and with what grons begin?
The Dulfull dait of Mans Nativitie,
Woe, weeping, Care, and cryes continuallie,
Are at his Birth, and at his Burial both,
In ſicknes ſore, or ſorrows ſuredlie,
The Time twixt Life and Death, he groning goth,
So ſillie Man, does bot lament and mourne,
Whill to the grounnd, his *Grandame* he returne.

He weeps when from the bellie he is borne,
And enters firſt (the ſtage) diſtilling tears,
So to the world, he mourning giu's gud-morne,
And as he liu's, ſo to lament he lears,
His lewd-led-life, occaſion giu's of fears,
Feare breeds complaints, perplexities, and paine,
So thurs his life, it vaniſhes, and wears,
He comes in greef, and groning goes againe,
Lamenting firſt, he looks vpon the light,
Lamenting laſt, he giues againe good-night.

To the same honorable Ladie.

MElpomine al Murners Tragick *Muſe*,
Some vnknowne kinde of ſadeſt ſable chuſe,
T'inveſt thy ſelfe there-with whereby, thou may,
Expreſlie more, divulgat, and bewray,
Thy care and cauſe, all Creaturs to ken,
Thy grieu's more great, nor's ordinar to men,
Convene thy wits, vſe all thy Airt and skill,
For words thou wont to write, now Tears diſtil,
And vnto *Tritone* that the Trident bears,
Pay triple tribute, of ſalt brimmiſh tears.
Deſire thy ſweet and ſacred *Siſters* ſine,
To trim their Harps, to tragick toons like thine,
And pray your Prince, *Apollo* for to borrow
Some of *Neptunus* tears, to ſhow your ſorrow.
Th'Arrabick gulphe, the Eaſt nor Ocean ſeas,
Shall b'inſufficient to ſuffice your eies.
Although ye ſhould, yea recolect the raine,
And gathred all in drops diſgorg't againe,
Yet all this ſhould not plentie, proue, nor ſtore,
Thy departure, dear *Ladie*, to deplore,
No thought they all, that liue of humane line,
Cœleſtiall ſignes, and Dieties divine,
And all that care can kno, or ſorrow ſee,
Should too tear-waſh, this terren *Tomb* with me,
Though th'Echoing *Air* it murmour ſhould and mone
Tho light-foot *winds* ſhold whiſſel their grifs & grone,
And though the *fire* aſcend be Nature light,
As ſorrowfull to ſee ſo ſad a ſight,
And th'*Earth* aggrieud her Entrels hudge ſhould teare
Moſt diſcontent thy burdenn dead to beare,

Although the ſhyning *Sun* himſelfe ſhould ſhrowd,
Moſt carefull for thy cauſe within a cloud.
And though the *Clouds* lamenting looke and lowre,
And tears for ràine vpon the planes ſhould powre.
Though brutiſh Beaſts ſhould brey, burſt, rage & rore,
And ſchools of *Fiſh* ſeeme t'ambiſet the ſhore:
All mourning in their maner to the end,
Their heavines to haue vs apprehend.
Though *Creeping* things, and flights of *Fowles* al-whair,
Deiue with their din, the *deiphs*, the *earth*, the *Air*,
And though that Monſter many mouthed *Fame*,
Thy onely praiſe ſhould publiſh and proclaime;
Still elevat aboue the Rounds, and rear-it,
And blaz't abroad als far as *Fame* can bear-it.
And it in *Diamonds* indent and maſſe,
Jt into *Marble*, and in bookes of *Braſſe*.
And laſt, though *Men* in numbers infinite,
Should in complaints, conſume, and ſpend their *ſprit*:
And be ſo ſad as never ſeene was ſuch,
Murne what they may, they can not murne too much.
Although their backs the black doole bages bear's,
Though mournfull minds too teſtifies their tears.
And though with lynes lugubrious and ſad,
Thy *Coffin* they haue covered and ſpred.
Yea though they ſhould conglomerat and joine
All th'earthl'-*inzens*, with thoſe the beſt abone.
And then draw from the Theſaurie of *Arts*,
On perfectlie perfect in whole and parts.
Yet ſhould he not ineugh deplore and praiſe
Thy *Death* and thy *Deſerving* in thy daies.

Vpon

Vpon the honeſt and vertuous, Ag. Chal.

THeſe be the treaſours that this *Tombe* containes,
Earth, duſt, and *aſhe*, much pampred in our pride,
Now but a band, of boſſe, and bloodles *bains*,
That but ſhort time, here in their beauties bide,
Fleſh is moſt fraile, and ſuddantly does ſlide,
No durance is nor certentie of daies,
No mortall men, hes wherein to confide,
But in the *Lord*, through *Chriſt*, the *Scripture* ſaies,
So while each one, their part like *Stagers* plaies,
Vpon this worlds, vaine *Theatre* I wold,
They learnd to die, vnto the *Lord* alwaies,
So for to reſt, inregiſtred, and rold,
Amongs the happie, companie of thoſe,
To life elect, be mercie, loue, and choiſe.

Vpon the Right honourable A. I. of Drum.

Fame.

COme me (the *Herold* of the heauens) behold,
Remembrance mouth, and neuer dying *Fame*,
Tongue vnto *Time*, and *Trenchman* vncontrold,
Reporter cheefe, and Publiſher ſupreame,
In Ioyfull *Theſis*, or in tragick *Theame*,
VVhat be aboue, or in the Earth, belaw,
By *Prouidence*, preordain'd to proclaime,
In ſwifteſt ſort, to ſignifie and ſhaw,
The will, decrees, Occurrents, now, and then,
Of Gods eternall, and of mortall Men.

Truth, Vertue, Loue, Faith, Pietie and *Peace*,
Preſt with complaints, importun'd, and opreſt;
Their Synode ſet, this Sepulture the place,
This Death, their Dolor, to dilate adreſt,
In mourning manner for to manifeſt,
What all the liuing, and this Land hath loſt,
A *Baron* bold, of blood, an of the beſt,
A mundane *Mirrour* but a Match almoſt,
A perfect *Paterne* pleniſhed withall,
The excellent, and *virtues Cardinall.*

Each one of theſe, are damnified by daith,
Each one of theſe, are wounded with this wrack,
Each one of theſe, are iuſtly wrongd and wraith,
To each of theſe, an Louer is in lackt,
Each one of theſe, with Death their band, ſhal break,
To honour him, and in Remembrance haue,
And each of theſe, hes ſworne this for his ſake,
For to ingroſſe, his graces on his graue,
And hing on high, aboue, his honours *Herſe*,
His *worthines*, and *vertues* into verſe.

Receiue then *Earth*, and in thy boſome lay,
This fragill frame, in ſubſtance like thy ſell,
A Man of mold, conuerted into clay,
Whoſe Truth and whoſe, jntegritie to tell,
Leaue vnto Me, the reſtles ringing Bell,
Time Death, nor *Age*, ſhal in Obliuion bring,
Nor from my *Troumpe*, his paſſing praiſe, expell,
Altho that death, or'threw the earthly *Thing*,
The heauenly *half* is hence to heauen againe,
Which both by *me*, remembred ſhall remaine.

Vpon

VPON THAT HONORABLE AND worthie Gent. M. Patrik Cheyn of Rainſtone.

WHat both thy *worth*, & what *thou* was to wriet,
What *hapines*, and *honour* here thou had:
What prouidence, and prudencie of ſpreit,
And what a life, beloued thou hes led;
Needs not be pens, of *Poets* be expreſt,
That of it ſelfe, is ſo made manifeſt.

Thy *loue* to *freinds*, and to thy countrie weel,
Who could not know, thy *conſtancie*, and *Cair*,
Vnto this *Citie*, ſyne and *Common-weell*,
Of all *an* moſt, affected euermair,
Deſeruing weell, of both, thou was I wait:
Since for thy *graue*, their *greife* is now ſo great,

An *Ieme*, an *Iewell*, and a choſen *Cheyne*,
A *Cheane*, both be, thy *Nature*, and thy *Name*:
Vnto this *Burgh*, thou euermair hes beene,
But *death*, alace, ſoone ſundered the ſame;
And from all common cummers hes conuoi'd,
Thee *thee* to *heauen* in whom we iuſtly ioi'd

The

THE CONTENTS AND SVMME of the Authors his Christian Knight *Translated.*

PErmit, and let, thy louing lookes alight,
And with wel-willing eies vouchsafe to view;
The young vnwise, aud wilfull wandring *Knight*,
Dreſt in apparell and an habit new;
Which in a ground, and barren *Garden* grew,
Almoſt vnworthy, to be worne, and zit:
The *Portrat* right, the *Type*, the *Figure* true,
And very viue *Anatomie* of wit:
To monſtrate theſe, the Miſſes we commit.
And make them all, be ſenſible, and ſeene,
Yea th'image and, the *Idea* is it,
That repreſents, moſt Efauld to the eyne:
The nat'rall man, imprudent and prophane,
Be grace of God, regenerate againe.

2

OF *Sathans* ſnares, that ſouls incites to ſin,
Here is detected the vndoubted *Truth*,
And all that may, inveit to vice, whairin,
Oft falls th'vndanted and rebellious youth,
Here are the ſinns, deciphered of ſlouth.
Of Misbeleefe, of Malice, and Envie,
And heir of ſinne, alſo to dreneh the drouth,
The *well* diuine, and ſpring of verrue ſpie,
Heir is the Touch where thou may truly trie,
If thou hes fully faithfull beene, befoir,

And

And here are perfect plasteres to apply,
To salue the soule, and to heale sound her soare:
And here as in, a mirrour markthou may,
To life or death, the right or radie way.

At the death of the right honourable Sir
J. Wisehart *of Tettarro Kn.*

THe world it is, a *Theater* and Men,
The Actors are, vpon this statelie stage;
Whereof some yong, some midlings, now, and then,
Some in the verie Euening of their age,
Presents themselfs, preparde to play their page;
Yet in a moment, suddenlie, and soone,
As poasting *Palmers*, poast a Pilgrimage,
They dryving o'r, we dow, decerne, haue doone.
And glyds into the Graue, the Den of Death,
That each one for his place retering hath.

Yet *Death*, nor this the *Graue* vnto the good,
Nor should affright, no nor dismay them must,
Albeit the boulke, the marrow, bons, and blood,
They reconvert in Ashes, Earth and Dust.
For *Iesus Christ*, th'Omnipotent and just,
From both he struke the sting, and stayd that strife,
To all that in his mercies truelie trust,
And plainlie made them Ledders vnto life:
Whereby to Heaven, that glorious *Scene* t'ascend,
Triumphand *Actors* ever more but end.

Men should not then, too much bot measure mourne,
Nor for their Friends, impatientlie deplore;
Who as they take, long ere their Time returne,
And goe to graue, their hours prefix'd before,

Wherein they doe their Maker moue the more,
Whill thus at his appointments they repine,
And with their groning derogats his glore,
Which in his great *Synedrione* divine,
H'apoints that all, that ever breathd, and bee,
Should ere they liue, taſte the firſt death, and dee.

Death is the *Port* of *Peace*, *Reſtrent* from ſtrife,
Place of *Repoſe*, *Conclaue* of all *Content*:
The *gate* to *Glore*, the *Line* that leeds to *Life*,
The *way* of *fleſh*, that worldlings ever went,
It was the battering *Bombard Ieſus* bent,
To break and bruſe the *Serpent* and our *Sin*.
Jt was the *Ramme*, that Heauens-ſtrong *Ramperds* rent
To make Men mount, and eaſilie enter in:
In *Sion* ſure, ſaif ſanctified for *Them*,
The heavenlie, holie, new *Ieruſalem*.

To his verie louing friend (.·.)

Mr. T. M.

A Mortall man, Immortalized now,
This earthlie *Vrne*, this compond *caskat* keeps
Call'd from the *Cairs* that croſſe and cumber you,
Content in *Chriſt* here ſound and ſoftlie ſleeps,
Fleſh, *blood* and *bones* (the ſlouchs and truelie typ's
Of the reſtrained and impriſond *ſperit*,
Wherein oppreſt, as from a *Pit* it peeps.)
Jmmaſt, are now, in mold, a *Mantion* meet,
Preordaind for the verie beſt, albeit,
They by their birth, be of *Baſilik* blood,
For *Death*, that all deyours, thus does decreit,

All

All fleſh ſhall to, the creeping frie be food:
And men howſoev'r in ple aſurs Seas they ſuom,
Once ſhall confind be in a terrene Tomb.

TO A COVRAGIOVS YOVNG MAN

William Keith, *who for his Countries honour ſlew an Engliſhman and ſuffered for the ſame.*

WOld not the *Ghoſt* of that great *Greek* be glade,
That paind ſo much to pen a *Pagans* praiſe,
Jfhe the happines, or honor had
To be a liue, now dead into thir daies,
To make his tongue a trump t'impen and blaſe
Through all the Anguls of the Vniverſe,
Into moſt loftie, and moſt learned layes,
And in more then his wonted wondrous verſe,
To cauſe couragious *Keyth* thy praiſe to perſe,
Als well the Spheirs, as that lowe place of paine,
And in thy honor here vpon thy *Herſe*,
To leaue thir lyn's for ever to remaine:
Here lyes a youth, who for his Countreys cauſe
A Saxon ſlew, ſine ſuffred be the Laws.

2.

TO ſilence time, thy praiſe ſhall never put,
Nor once Envy thy ventrous worth ſhall wrong,
No though the graue vpon thy gore doe glut
Whill man is man, thy laud ſhall liue ſo long,
Thy fact to *Fame* ſure ſhall become a ſong,
And valiant *will'am* thou ſhall ever more,
Be memoriz'd, and mentioned among,
Thoſe Gallants that haue gaind and gotten glore,
Thy famous friends for fenſing a-before,

Their Natiue Soyle, from ferce and faithles foes,
As Cronicles, their kinde, for to decore,
And *Kamus* Croſſe, their vpſet Trophies choes:
So with thy Friends, thy *Fame* ſhall flee ſtout *Keith*,
Altho thou bogh̄t it dearlie with thy deith.

3.

WHat was his kindnes and his courage keene,
Belgick thy broyls, a *Record* beſt can bair,
Where he brogh̄t vp neere from his Birth hes beene,
Nought bot to make his martiall minde grow mair,
Wherefore thou juſtlie ſhould erect, and rear
To *Mars* his Man, a martiall Monument,
Since that he as a *ſojour* ſerving thair,
Into thy querrell willing, and content,
His Blood oft-tims in thy employments ſpent.
And this more too, to grace and do thee good,
Vpon thy foes, thy praiſes he did prent.
In *Crimſon* Red, and *Characters* of blood.
To honor him, then thou hes mater much,
And of our *Soyle* full many *thouſands* ſuch.

To the Cittie Aberden at the death of
Jho. Fo. Ba.

FAir Virgin Mother, Widow-like lament,
Thy Martiall Son, and Lamb-like lover loſt,
Peirs everie ear, and place, with thy complent,
Whill they admire, that are remoteſt moſt,
Apend thy plaints, to everie Pole and poſt,
Chalcographiz'd, with *Charecters* of wo,
And let thy grief's vpon thy *Goun* b'ingroſt,
That everie eie may ſee thy ſorrow ſo:

O ſilent ſad, and greiued, may thou goe,
Since to thy wracks, this wrack is ioyn'd the worſt,
For dreadfull Death hes by one bitter blo,
One of thy firmeſt, forts vnfreindly forſt,
And maind the of, an of thy members ſtrong;
That boore thy burden louingly, and long.

To the defunct his ſpouſe.

DEere fruitefull *vine*, alone to languiſh left,
Let not thy *cluſters*, through thy care decay,
Though raging Death hes by all reaſon reft,
And out of time, hes hint thy heid away,
Take thou on Thee, to be the ſtaffe and ſtay,
And beare thair birth, and all, the load alone,
That both aliue, in loue togidder ay,
You to this houre, haue gladly vndergone,
Through mourning much; and out of meaſure moue,
No not thy ſelfe, nor put in perill thoſe,
To whom thou muſt, be *All*, and th'only one.
(Except the Lord,) to place in the repoſe,
Wherefore praiſe *God*, and take in patience this,
Thy husbands death, from bail brought to his blis.

To his courteous freind, T. B.

GIue quick engines, that truſting to attaine,
The height of Honour and a liuing *Fame*,
With penning of, their *Poeſies* prophane,
Should purchaſe praiſe, and winne a noble Name,
What then braue *Buck*, ſhould be thy part, herein,
That ſhawes the ſortow of the *Soule* for ſinne.

For

For while as foorth, ſome buſied be to bring,
The bad inuentions, of their boyling Braine,
Thou happie *Thou*, harps on an higher ſtring;
And ſhowes a Man, regenerat again, (giue,
Wherefore we ſhould, *Thee* thanks moſt gratefull
Becauſe a woeb, much worthier *Thou* wiue.

While wordly *writers* witles and vnwiſe,
Be full of folies, and of friuole fraits,
Thy pen and paines, to profit moir tho' applies,
And both diuine, and worthily thou wraites,
Than ſince thou ſuch, a ſacred ſubiect ſings,
Flie with the pens, of praiſe and honours wings.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE WOR- ſhipfull M. *Alex. Cheyn* Commiſſer *of Aber.*

NOw now, at laſt, and nought, while now haue I,
Put a *Cataſtroph*, to this courſe of cair,
world, *Fleſh*, and *Feind*, your forces J defie, (mair,
Your works are wrought, your mights may nowe no
Now I am quit, and from your cummers clair,
Graue, *Hell*, and *Sinne*, your powers J deſpiſe,
Death is the dore, through *Faith* ye ſtep, aud ſtair,
That makes my *ſoule*, mount, ſore, and skall the skies,
Albeit the *bones*, left here conſuming lies,
Yet certainly, J am aſſur'd they ſhall,
To reſt and ring, in their *Redeemer* riſe,
Since *Sathan*, *Sinne*, the *graue*, *death*, *hell* and all,
That *Lyon* ſtrong, and yet a louing *Lamb*,
Tryumphantly, vpon the croſſe o'rcame.

An description of the world.

WHat is this *world*, a *Theater* of woe?
A *golfe* of *greif*, that ſtill the greater growes,
A *Faire* where fooles, are flitting to and fro,
A *Sea* of *ſorrow*, that ſtill ebs and flowes,
A *Forge* where *Belial* the bellowes blowes,
A *Shippe* of ſenſuall *Soules*, neir ſunk for *ſinne*
Whair ramping *Rage*, is *Ruther-man* and rowes,
A wratched *Vail*, full of all Vice within,
A *Booth* of *buſines* where reſtles rin,
To wrack himſelfe, the wicked worldly worme,
A deadly *Den*, of *dolor*, and of *din*,
An onſtai'd *ſtage*, of *ſtate*, a *ſtrife*, a *ſtorme*,
Th'vnquiet *Court*, of diſcontent and *Cair*,
The *Place* of *Pride*, and *well-ſpring* of *Diſpaire*.

A deſire of an Repentant ſpirit.

WOuld *God* my *Soule*, for *ſinne* ſuch ſorrow felt,
As could cauſe Me ſpend al my time in Tears,
Would God my Heart, would euerie moment melt,
And for my faults, be fraughted full of feares,
Would *God* my *fleſh*, that fights, and battell beares,
Againſt the powers, of the ſpreit, would ſpair,
And reſt from wraſtling and their jnward weares,
That does augment, and bot increaſe my cair,
Would *God* my Plaints, could penetrat the Air,
To purchaſe Peace, to my perplexed *Spreit*,
And neuer ceaſe t'aſſend, nor reſt; but whair,
Thay face for face, might with th'Almightie meit,
To pray him for, a pardon, and a place,
Vnto *Repentance*, *godlines*, and *grace*.

An

An admonition to the Soule to watch.

POore sillie *Soule*, thou sees not how are set,
Thy fatall foes, about the in a *Ball*,
The *Feind*, and *Flesh*, Thee in the gyues to get,
Of lothsome Lust, and pleasures sensuall,
They will obiect, All what, may frame thy fall,
And cast before, the *Beautie* for a bait,
Opinions strange, fals, and hereticall,
Promotion, *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Estate*,
All what they can, find out for to defait,
And with thy *God*, to get the in disgrace,
They will essay, each secular conceit,
To hold the from, thy heauenly Fathers face,
Heirfore on *him*, prepare the to depend,
He onely may, the from thy foes defend.

Invocation to the Lord Iesus to saue the wounded soule.

O *Sonne* of *God*, *Silo* sweet *sauiour*,
Thou that my sheild, and my assistance art,
The pretious oyntments of thy *pitie* poure,
Into my *Soule*, and wofull wounded *heart*,
J'le prostrat, Me in public, and in part,
My former fowle offences to confesse,
My secret sinnes sore makes my Soule to smart,
And I am wofull for my wickednes,
With hiest vp hands, and hartly humblenes,
I pray the pardon my impietie,

Thy

Thy word divine, my *God* grants me regres,
And bids me seek the sweet societie:
For thou art ay, says the Apostle *Paull*,
At hand to help, the wofull wounded *Saull*.

A Prayer for apaising of the Plague.

OVr wicked liu's hes wakned *Lord*, thy wrath,
In kindling it for our iniquitie,
Jt maks thee blowe, this thy devouring breath,
To punish vs, for our impietie.
Our fall's and faults, hes forc'd *thee* to let flee,
At the Noone day, thy Arrows Pestilent,
Yet in thy mercies Lord, remember: *wee*
Are thy owne *Sons*, on whom the same is sent,
Albeit thy Bow, against our breasts be bent,
And thou the Rod, does hold into thy hand,
We hope thou will inspire vs to repent,
And from th' *Infection* last releif the *Land*,
That in the greatnes of her greef does grone,
Looking, *O Lord*, for thy releif alone.

Vpon the Death of a verteous young man. W^m. Ke.

WIth-hold thy haist, spair *Passinger* thy pace,
And marke amongs, those Marble *Monuments*,
This *Graue*, yet grene, and litle *ludge* alace,
And thereon spend, some parte of thy complents,
Mourne. mourne with *Mee*, a *Miriad* of laments,
And on th' *Interr'd* streams of thy tears distill,
Whoes want the *wise*, both pitties. and repents,
And whill They liue, the *Verteous* all, they will
Their plaints powre out, disperse, effund and fill.

The *Continent* her *Caverns* with their cryes,
For never ſhall their *Sorrows* ceaſe; not whill
They deaue the *Dead*, into thoſe lairs that lyes:
For truſt thou me, this terren Tomb contains,
A *Relict* rare, a godlie *Young-mans* Bains.

PROSOP OF THE DEFUNCT TO his lamenting friends. 2.

APaiſe your plaints, ſince *Fortune*, *Fate*, nor *Chance*,
VVas not the cauſe, nor framers of my fall,
Bot be a pre-apointed Ordinance,
The *Lord* hes thus concluded me to call:
For Men are nought one way Attached all,
Nor by one kinde of *Death* ordaind to die,
No, no, but this *Priuation* temporall,
Hes different, and divers ſorts we ſee:
From *Priſon* ſome departe, and ſome flit free,
And ſome be *force*, be *butcherie* or *blood*,
Yea, ſome be everie *Element* there bee,
That does, we knowe, this corrupt courſe conclude,
Yet dies *thou* this, I that, *he* ſo and ſo,
Die *wee* in *Chriſt*, the maner maters no.

3.

DIe ye in *Chriſt*, ye die well dying ſo,
For *Fire* nor *Sword*, the *Water*, *Earth* nor *Air*,
They haue no power, nor the Puiſſance, no,
But ſpeciall permiſſion to impair,
Nor for to harme into thy head an hair,
Vnleſſe the Lord, paſſe, ſuffer, or permit,
For he hes ay, a kinde, and conſtant Cair,
And ou'r his *choſen* ſtill continues it,
His favours are not fragill, fraill, nor flit

This

This way or that, like *worldlings* now and than,
No, no, bot with his kindnes kind is knit,
Protection too, each conſtant Chriſtian:
Then die, depart, or howſoever ye go,
Die ye in *Chriſt*, ye die well dying ſo.

DIALOGVE.

A new yeares giſt.

Interl. Charites, *and the* Author.

Author.

THis Morning as J from my reſt araize,
And went to walke into the open Air,
I peradventure met whereon J gaize,
Thrie minzard *Maids*, all wonderfullie fair:
Their Robs a like, replendant rich and rair,
Whereat I was more moved to admire,
Who they ſhold be, whence from they came, & whair
They at that time, intended to retire:
Whill thus on them, like one but life I looke,
One forward came, and be the ſleif Me ſhooke.

Gra.

Where be thy minde, when thou art muſing thus?
Why ſtoniſh'd ſtands thou? we intreat thee tell:
Quod one, what wonders hes thou ſeene on vs,
That maks thee ſo, for to forget thy ſell,
Art thou inchanted be ſome Magick ſpell?
Or thinks thou *vs* of that accurſed crew?
With *Lucifer*, that from the Heaven down fell,
And now art come to vex aud wearie yow:
Or why is it, ſo ſtupefact thou ſtands,
Without ſo much as moving head or hands.

Auth.

I miſ-regarde, not ſuch thrie fair, ſo far
Nor doe I thinke, the forme of *thoſe* and *thine:*
For to be ſuch, as you haue ſaid, that ar,
Appeirandlie, Jmmortall and Divine,
Swa that ſweet Saints, this muſing is of mine,
A moldie groſnes, in my mortall eies,
Which can not ſee, nor ſuffer for to ſhyne,
Your glorie great, for their infirmities:
And with my ſelfe, I am debaitting who
Thy ſelfe ſhould be, and thy Companions two.

Gra.

Recall thy ſprits, thy muſing then remoue,
Debar all doubts, and wit thou this that wee
Are called *Faith*, ſtrong *Hope*, and conſtant *Loue*,
Of *IOVA* juſt, th'vndoubted Daughters three,
Come of Intention for to talke with thee,
And giue thee ſome directions thou muſt doo,
For thou of vs, art the appointed hee
To beare Imbaſſage, or our bleſſing too,
A much reſpected honorable *Pair*,
Thus it in few, deliver and declair.

J *Loue*, the firſt, and greateſt of the *Graces*,
Saluts them ſay, conjunct and ſeverall,
And promies them with all my friendl'embraces,
Proſperitie and *Peace* perpetuall,
And I, quod *Faith*, adds to the former *All*,
A working quick, and juſtifeing *Faith*.
And I quod *Hope*, my *Anchor* ſends, which ſhall
Suſtaine them ſurelie, in the Seas of Death:

For

For be it, and, with what, thir two haue giuen,
Their Ancring ſhall, be happie into heuin.

Now *Friend* we deeme, diſſolued is thy doubt,
Since thou of vs, hes got a knowledge cleir,
And we (becauſe, th. *Anuall* courſe is out,
And this day enters the ſucceeding *zeir*,
Haue purpoſed vnto Thee to appeir,)
And chuſd The to, make manifeſt our minde,
Vnto that two, that we doe hold ſo deir,
And hes their Hearts, into one breſt combind,
Who mutually, ſhall linked liue, and die,
Full of our *Hope*, our *Faith*, and *Charitie*,

An Confeſsion of ſinnes and Incalling of the Lord.

O *God* which art, great, good, and gratious,
Moſt holy powerfull, and glorious,
We that are aſhes of the Earth, and duſt,
When we fall down before the feet, (we muſt,)
Of thy high Maieſtie confeſſe, that we,
Are Sinners vile, borne, and conceiued be,
In ſinne, and that, by Nature we, no leſſe,
Are nor a lumpe of Vice and wickednes,
Whoſe Naturall and propertie, appears,
To grow in ſinne, as we increaſe in yeares,
And in the works of wickednes, and wrong,
Waxes and growes, ay more, and more, more ſtrong,
As does the body, and the minde, their ſtrength,
And force receiue, through tract of time and length.

Thair

Thair is in vs, no good affection found,
No knowledge cleir, wholesome, sincere nor sound,
Nor manner how thy bidding to obey,
Nor how aplease thy maiestie we may,
Last *Lord* their byds, into our flesh, and blood,
Nothing that is, or can be called good,
And thought our state, accursed doth herein,
Yea wratched most, apeare: yet is, our sinne,
More sinfull much, and out of measure maid,
By the exceeding grace, thou Lord hes laid,
And offred vs, in the *Evangell* cleir,
Of thy vndoubted diuine *Sonne* most deir.
Wharby from profiting, so much, we ar,
That of our selfe, we should waxe, war and war.

For moir the light, of knowledge is made plaine,
We would alace, the blinder more remaine,
The more t'obey, thee we are taught, we would,
Be froward moir, moir stubberner, and bold,
Giue that by mightie power of thy spriet,
It were not fruitefull made and mollifeit,
And thought that this, corruption Naturall,
VVe haue togidder, and in common All,
VVith *Adams* putrified, and rotten race,
That fell from *God*, through misbeleif alace,
Yet we confesse, in vs, it buds much moir,
Nor into vthers, it hes done befoir,
And so much moir, set forth, increst, and grew,
Though we mo waies, the same had to subdue.
And we we had, yea much more meanes to kill,
Than others had, this wickednes and ill.

Whair

Whair first of all, the offer gratious,
Of that great treasure of thy word to vs,
Does make vs faultie, into many parts,
Of th' Adamantine, hardnes of our hearts,
For passing vther *Nations* thou hes lent,
And trusted vs, that *Iewell* excellent.
And yet it hes, (with no small number bot,
A slender and, a small intreatment got,
And felt as great, resistance obstinate,
As at those gates it neuer knocked at.
For in this land, a Portion is (O Lord,)
That partly neu'r, wold yeild vnto thy word,
And partly when, they had confes'd the same
Defection made, and *Apostates* became,
So proudly as, it weare, stands at defence.
(In their conceits,) *Lord* with thine excelēce
The rest which mākes, therof profession,
And seemes t'assent and giues thereto submission,
They doe it not, accordingly, bot skant,
Of zeale they are, in their profession fant,
For first thair, many of our people be,
Which through affection fond, to *Papistrie*,
So blinded are, miscarried and led,
That straying still, in ignorance they tred,
Yea of the Truth, it selfe thought faithfully,
The word is preached in aboundancie,
Yet in thy Seruice true, and knowledge they,
Are now more raw, and inexpert alway,
Nor they before, haue beene, be many fold,
When blindly thay, idolatriz'd of old.

And

And whair a kind, of knowledge is, the which,
To any of ſufficiencie is ſuch,
Yea requiſite, as is and ſhould euin,
Sufficient for th'Inheritors of heauin,
Jt is yet ſeene, for the moſt part, to be,
Conioynd in league, with ſuch hypocraſie,
As makes *Thee* that, does ſearſe, the ſecret raen,
Deteſt, abhor, more hate, them and diſdaine,
Then if they had, in all their Errors ill,
And in dark ignorance continued ſtill,
Now for that few, of vs and remanant,
Which truly ſtill, (of *grace* participant,)
And faithfully in thee beleeued haith,
It is with ſuch, infirmitie of faith,
And with ſo ſmall correction of our
Forepaſt treſpaſſes and behauiour,
That our profeſſion, that notorious,
Should be of thy great Goſpell glorious
Supported is, and borne, with ſo few ſtuites,
And ſo ſmall ſhaw, of good, and godly fruites,
Whoſe dignit'and excellencie alon,
Requireth more than we can minde vpon.
So that this makes, our Enemies, and Foes,
Condemne vs, and ſome alſo are of thoſe,
That are our owne, which doubtingly ſuſpect,
Giue we, or no, be thine, and thy elect,
The cauſe of this, our ſtate, we grant whairin,
We ſtand it is, the hudgenes of our ſinne.
That beeing put, in truſt, for to poſſeſſe,
This treaſure of, infinite worthines.
Thy *Goſpell* great, and be preferred thus,
Before our neighbours *Chriſtians* with vs,

And yet in grait Obedience, to Thee,
Behinde them all, (we will confeſſe) are wee
In knowledge firſt, bot we are laſt in zeale,
In Doctrine far before them, bot we faill
To practiſe what, is preach'd, and ay we finde
In Diſcipline, we ever are behinde,
The bands aod holie zock *Lord* of thy Law,
Full heavilie we ſuffer, thoill, and draw:
Whereby our liues too vitious and vaine,
We ſhould amend, correct, reforme, and ſtraine
Our fond affections all, and everie thing,
In vs enorme, we ſhonld in bondage bring.
The Goſpell that vnto vs did aduce,
Of honors and, of pleaſures frier vſe?
It welcome was, and we did it embrace
Bot that ſame Goſpell that our wickednes
Reproved, and did threatten puniſhment,
We was there-with, no thing ſo well content.
It that did our Ambition rebuke,
We skarcelie heard, or lent thereto a looke:
And that thereof, that does moſt neerlie touch,
Salvation of, the *Soule*, we make of much.
Bot that againe, that doeth directlie more,
Seme to reſpect, *O Lord*, thy heavenlie glore;
And to the profite of our Neighbours all,
We make no compt, nor care for it, bot ſmall.
And though the treaſure of thy Word hes bene
A pretious gift, as like was never ſeene.
Th'aſſured ſigne of our Salvation,
Which to vs bairlie came not, nor alone,
Bot with aboundance, plentifull, and peace,
And permanent, ſo long, and large a ſpace.

As surelie never this (litle thankfull Land)
Before in many passed ages fand:
Which benefits our neighbour Nations long,
Haue looked for, and wish'd (*thir*) them among.
This makes vs *Lord*, herefore accursedlie,
A great deall more, in fault and giltie be;
Becauſe we haue ſtill proven our ſelfs ſo plaine,
Vngratfull for thoſe thy great gifts againe.
There is likwiſe, an other *Ledder* heir,
Whereon our ſins they ſeme, and they appeir
To mount and clim more high, in that, that Wee
Surmount into, this lifs commoditie.
Our old Anceſtours, that profeſt with vs,
Even this thy holie Goſpell glorious:
And yet we are, yea everie day be day,
A great deale worſe, and wickeder nor thay.
In bleſſings out-ward we be far aboue,
Our Nightbours yet, far les to Thee in loue,
And grants we falt, even in the groſſe offence,
Of th'outward tokens of Obedience.

SCOTLAND HER GRIEF AT HIS Majeſties going into England,

O *England* now exult,
Aud ſing a cheerfull ſang,
Now may thou joy, ſince ſuch a *Roy*,
Neu'r over thy Regions rang.
Our Soveraigne ſweet, our Jemme,
Ioſias and our *Iames*,
The onely *ſtarr* that guids thy ſtate,
And brights thee with his beams.

Thou

Thou now posseids with peace,
And hes with *Loue* at length.
That never could be win with *war*,
Nor yet constraind be strength.
Faits, *Time* and *Right* hes made
Thee, to triumph into,
That not thy Martiall minded Men,
Nor actiue deeds could do.
The onely Ornament,
And Sun-shine of the Earth,
By destinies ordainde, to bruke
All *Britaine*, or his Berth.
Thou hes, and now enjoi's
Our verie Soule and Sark,
A *Dy'mond* in thy Dyall set,
The hight of *Honors* wark.
These Royall vertues haill,
That thou to fore hes found
In thy preceeding *Princes* all,
Even from his birth abound:
And gloriouslie into
His Princelie person shine,
O *England* to thy comfort now,
And *Scotland* vnto thine.
In deed Thou should rejoice,
And be appleased since,
But grudge thou saw with glore the great
Preferment of thy *Prince*.
For now thou may behold
His Hienes *Head* to hemme,
(Beside the old vnconquest *crowne*)
A Triple *Diademe*.

All men may clearlie know
What *God* his wiſdome wroght,
And by thy *Prince*, his patience,
Beyond beleif is broght
Unto an happie end,
For in the *Britiſh* Throne,
Religion raign's, *Peace* there is plac'd
And *Iuſtice* joind in one.
There *Majeſtie* does moue,
There *Fortitude* is fixt,
And there with *Rigour* or *Revenge*,
Is marvellous *Mercie* mixt.
There may thou view from *Eaſt*,
And from the ſetting *Sunne*,
Elected *Legats* ſend, and from
Remotteſt *Regions* runne,
T'applaud thy *Prince* his praiſe,
Their Pretious preſents brings
From *Europe*, *Afric*, *Aſia*,
And from *Amerik Kings*.
Not that thy *Lord* inlaiks,
For his great ſtate, ſuch ſtore,
No, no, his Highnes hes his owne,
In infinite before.
Bot yet becauſe they ſee
Him bleſſed from aboue,
Thus they reſort, to ſignifie
Vnto thy *Lord*, their loue.
So Inely thou may joi's,
To heare his Name renound,
Since from his boundant benefits,
Some back to thee rebound.

And yet I grant thy griefe,
Is greater then thy gaine,
For but thy *Head* vnhappie thou,
Dismembred mone remaine.
And now shall heare his will, (·:·)
Bot be commission that,
He from his mouth mellifluous
Wont to communicat,
Most patiently and as,
Thy Parent and thy Prince,
Divulgating his *Laws* wirh loue
And diuine Eloquence.
Thou must solicite be,
And carefull now t'inquire,
What credit beares the spurring Posts,
To the *Synedrion* heir.
Poore *Orphane* widow like,
Be thou in sable seene,
While as thy sister *England* goes,
Now gallantly in greene.
And like pale *Luna* loure,
VVhen her *Apollos* light,
Is in eclipse, or with a cloude,
Secluded from her sight. (·:·)
For loe thy golden Sunne,
Into the South he shines, (thy,
VVhile thou *Solsequium*-like, for
Abstracted *Titan* tynes,
A bodie hudge thou ar,
Exhibit but a *Hart*.
Vpon the worlds inconstãt stage,
To play the Monsters part.

Poore

Poore *Ladie* now, thy *Life*,
Thy *Lord*, and thy *Belou'd*,
And next that mightie *Mobile*,
Thy *Mouer*, is remou'd,
Yet for thy great King *Iames*,
His *Iubile* reioyes,
Since he aboue the *British* blood,
Thy old, now freinded foes,
Thou to his honour high,
Dilucidlie decerns,
With measure howe, he moderates,
And like a God gouerns,
For whose long happie *life*,
Prosperitie, and *Peace*,
His royall *Reigne*, his gratious, *Queene*,
And for their hopefull *Race*,
Jncall, protest, and pray,
(From whose blis'd spreit all springs,)
IeHovah, *Eli*, *Elohim*, th' Almightie King of Kings.

An humble confession of Sinne.

IN Reuerence, on bare, and bended kneis,
Debast I bow, (if I dare be so bold,)
My *soule* most sad, with weeping watrie eies,
Before thy feet, vpon my face I fold,
My eies, my heart, my hands, *Iehoue* I hold,
To heauin, to *Thee*, and prostrat will display,
My Misles made, but measure manyfold,
And all the words, I wairt in vain, bewray,
None will I hide, but open *Lord*, shall lay,
My Sinne both seene, and secret to my shame,

And

And my delicts, done all vnto this day,
I in thy publict *Presence* shall proclame,
And to my *Turpitud* sound out, I shall,
My Sins committed, and omitted all.

Vpon his louing, deere and Courteous friend, Pa. Q.

WHo doe of chance, or vthertwise that, hath,
An deepe desire, and earnest care to kno,
This Troph: sad, of still triumphing death,
Whair liueles lies, an earthly lumpe bot lo,
How rair a liue to signifie and sho,
Nor *Maroes* Muse, wold an more cunning craue,
To wreit his want, what worketh it, of woe,
T'ingraph each, greise by gazing on his Graue,
To not the noy when men looke on the leaue
His *Commorads*, and *Consorts Christian*
To count the care, his kin for him conceaue
To dyte the duile, of *wife* and *Orphans* whane,
Their father they, and sho does misse her Mane.
An man, whose make, here hardly may be haid?
What can? what shall? what is? or resteth thane,
To say bot this, that safely may be said,
Lo *where a youth, on Beirtrees brought to bed,*
Ay *faithfull fast, traist, vertuous, and wise,*
Deir *to his freinds, and of his foes ay dred,*
Here vnderneath, to be lamented lies
And shall, ay while, the latter day constraine,
The *Earth* to raise, and render him againe.

Sighs

Sighs of an ſorrowfull ſoule.

Sigh, ſadly ſigh, ſob for thy Sinnes and ſound, (mone,
Weepe waile, and woe, mourn mirthles *Man*, and
Redouble thy dolor, til each Den redound;
VVith noyſome notes, thy accents euerie one,
Crie carefull crie, while euery ſenſles ſtone,
Peirſt with thy plaints, for pitie plead, and pleane,
VVith tragicke teares, toone out thy griefs, and grone
VVhile *marble* mazed at thy mones remaine,
Thou writes thy woes, thou weeps, thou vowes in vain
Giue not anon, from ſtraying thus, thou ſtay,
Thou's driue thy daies, in dateles deepe diſdaine,
Then ſadly ſigh poore *Soule*, and ſighing ſay,
Sad be each ſigh, moir noyſome euerie note,
That treads the tracture of my troubled throte.

A deſcription of the fragilitie of man.

WHat be we wratches but,
A Maſſe of putrid mold,
VVhich vgly wormes and wild deuoures,
VVhen we are dead, and cold,
Borne in this wofull vail,
Jn moments, ar nought Men,
And in a period, departs?
VVhat are we nothing then,
Learne then to die, and let,
Not hope of youth, nor years,
Delude the leaſt, the *Fates*, ay ferce,
That Man nor Beaſt forbeares,

Come

Come on thee ſuddaine ſhall,
And warne thee vn-a-ware,
For mortall none, tho neere ſo wiſe,
From thoſe excemed are.
Time flees, your gilt does grow,
Death at your doores does call,
Then take your time, and learne in time
To liue Perpetuall.
For you are nought, bot like
Duſt driven with wind away,
And like vnto a brittle glaſſe,
Or ſhaddows fleing ay.
Or Roſes redolent,
That in the morning ſhines,
And when the night draws neere anone,
Their pleaſant tincture tines.
Now liuely-like anone, (.·.)
Feaſts for the creeping fry,
Now ſtrong and fair, and now anone
A lump but life we ly.
T'accumulat great goods,
or what does profit vs
Jemm's, Jewels, Silver, Gold,
And all apparrell pretious?
What Scepters, Crowns, Eſtat's,
Or Kingdoms great to guide?
And what in Princelie Palaces
Shall buit vs to abide?
And others in our pryde, (.·.)
What helps it to deſpiſe?
Or to account our ſelfs like to,
The *Lord* alone moſt wiſe.

If dreadfull Death ſhall come,
Moſt horrible and haw,
And with her Syth, (that here you ſee)
All which GOD made ſhall maw.
Or if like earthlie duſt,
Or ſlyding ſhaddows, wee
O wretched miſers miſerable,
Shall fall away and flee.
And all the pride of fleſh,
And this ſmall glance of glore,
Shall in the day of Death departe,
Without returning more.

Idem.

MArk mortall Man, and ſurelie thou ſhall ſee,
What in ſhort ſpace it ſhall become of thee:
And then thou ſhall deſiſt, for to deſire
The worldlie Pleaſures, that ſo ſoone expire:
By no device, ingine, nor craft can Thou,
Fearfull to fleſh, Death certaine, once eſhew.
Thou ſhould not then s'exult nor joifull bee,
Becauſe per-haps to morrow thou ſhall dee:
And in a little ludge, a caue or cott,
Thy fleſh and bones ſhall ſoone conſume and rott.

THE AUTHOR, HIS REPENTANCE fro wryting Poeſies prophane.

COuld I or this my ſcattered ſkrols recall,
Or my diſperſed Poeſies repeit,
Moſt willinglie I wold revock them all,
And ſound from ſinging of ſuch Toys retreit.
I wold envy 'gainſt wanton verſe and writ,
Invectiuelie of all inventions vaine:

For

For it infects the well deſpoſed Sprit,
For to peruſe ſuch *Poeſies* prophane:
They breed abuſe, and brings into the braine
Phantaſtick folies, and phanatik freats,
Which are in deed not bot preſumptions plaine,
Or at the moſt (but profite) poore conceats:
VVherefore, were thoſe elſe publiſhed to pen,
I ſhould aſſume ſome ſadder ſubject then.

A PROFITABLE ADMONITION, if wiſelie followed.

LOſe not the Garlant of eternall Glore,
For things that here, bot for a time ſhall tarie:
Officious Fame, goods, or vnſtable ſtore,
That facil *Fortune* both does bring and carie:
Indanger not, nor doe in perrell put
Th'immortall mark, whereat the Soule does ſhut.

Tho pretious pearles thou purches, what ſuppoſe?
And gaine more gold nor *Craſus* got, what than?
If thou the Heaven, and heavenlie Soule ſhall loſe,
For all thy wealth, thou's miſerable Man.
And truelie loſes in a moment more,
Ten thouſand fold, nor thou could find before.

I giue and grant, that thou inlarge thy roumes,
For to cotaine thy infinite increſſe:
And that ſecure in Honors Seas thou ſoums,
Yet thou in fine, muſt needs of force confeſſe.
If that thy *oule* ſhall ſuddainlie be taine,
Wha thou poſſeſt, was wealth, for nought in vaine.

Though thou be made, and creat were a King,
And ſupreme Emperour inaugurate:
Or at thy wiſh had everie earthlie thing,
Of Monument moſt, with *Mundans* eſtimate:
If that the *Soule* her heavenlie life yow loſſe,
Curſt is with thoſe, corruptible thy coſſe.

Altho thou haue both health and honor here,
And pleaſure paſt the compas of compare:
And that thou previlegiat appeir,
Aboue the world, and worldlings every-where
Want thou a ſanctified *Soule*, what ſhall
Availl thy Pleaſures and Promotions all?

OF THE ESSENCE, WISDOME, and Power of God.

GOD onely great, he guideth and governs,
The reſtles Rounds, that rules aboue, and all
Th'invirond *Earth*, with *Seas* that each decerns,
Juſt circular, and perfite *Sphericall*,
His bleſſed *Beeing* built the double *Ball*,
And did appoint fit places for the *Sphæres*,
From th'Earthlie *Orbs* deſtinct, and ſeverall.
Which we groſſe *Mortals* marvels and admirs,
His Providence and Power plaine appears,
In th'artificiall forming of this *Frame*,
Whoſe various works, dilucidats and cleirs,
Into the ſure concerving of the ſame:
His wondrous *wit*, exceeding all ingins,
Of Seculars, and of the beſt Divins.

Vpon

Vpon the certaintie of death and the vncertaintie of the houre.

NO thing then *death* more certaine is we ſee,
Yet nor the houre, incertaine nothing more:
Than if as thou, were eu'rie day to die,
Gouerne thy ſelfe, and learne to liue therefore,
So ſhall thou not, neede for to count, nor cair,
Whence death ſhall come, how when, nor whair.

Jt is this life, here well, or lewdly led,
That this firſt Death, makes dreidfull, now or no,
Jf in miſdeeds, thy dayes thou driue, then dred,
And full of dolor is, this *Death*, and O;
Perplexed ſo, and ſo annoy'd that None,
Can weel the paſſions of the *ſpreit* expone.

For all that thou, hes done vnto that day,
Thy ſecret ſinnes, thy ſeene, and publict ſhall,
Diſmasked all, arryue into array.
T'accuſe the in, thy *Conſcience*, and call;
The to account, ſo ſpatious and large,
That Liuers lewd, can ſcarſely ſcarſe diſcharge.

Man his Immoderate care for tranſitori- ous things.

OVr labours, ſtudies, exerciſe, and Paine,
And for this corps, is our continuall cair,
For why t'acquire, thairto ſome gloir, or gaine,
No perrill nor impietie, we ſpair.

We

VVe neuer leaue, bot labours late air,
And for t'attract, vile trash, we neuer tyre,
Like frantick fooles, and furious we fair,
VVhile we possesse, that wherunto w'aspire,
Through per'lous paths, salt seas, and flashing fire,
But Prouidence, we passe, we post, we Ply,
For to enioy, the depth of our desire,
No nought the night, in quiet can we lie,
Bot puts vnto, all hazards but a Host,
The *Soule* to *Christ*, that did so deerely cost.

Meanes how to bridle the carnall desires of men.

NO thing so fit, to danton the desires,
And appetites, of fragill fleshly Men;
That so much raignes, and ouer them empires,
Nor with considred, Conscience to ken:
And wisely wey, what is this Bodie that,
They fearce so full, and dresse, so delicat.

VVould they consider, and bot sight the same,
And but selfe loue, these circumstances see?
VVhat is their kind? whairof compound they came?
And then how short, here thair abydings be:
Or at the least? how much incertaine since,
One houre they are, and or an vther hence.

Or would men mortall meditate, and marke,
Of *Nothing* how, the great *Creator* chood,
To frame so fair, the worlds most wondrous wark,
And from no monstrous masse, but forme confusde;
As *Fablers* fain, into their wanton verse,
Created He the boundles *Vniuerse*.

And how of th'*Earth*, the grosseſt Element,
He all the kinds, of *Creatures* compones,
And how th'*Artificer* moſt Excellent,
Thair fragill fleſh, thair *Bodies*, *blood*, and *bones*:
Did make, of mater moſt deſpiſd, and baſſe,
The *Earth* her duſt, her excrements, and aſhe,

Thus that they are, (wold they bot well aduiſe)
Dung, duſt, and aſh, which ſo'aliue, they loue,
And looke againe, when dead, but life, one lies,
How putrid and, vnpleaſant ſoone they prooue,
Theſe would they wey, view, warlie, and adart,
They ſhould not then, ſo primp the Earthly part.

Compariſon betwixt the bed and the Graue.

THe bed, which moſt, for our repoſe we haue,
Whairin the nat'ral night we ſoftly, ſleepe,
May fitly be, compared to the graue,
That theſe our corps, when they are cold, does keep,
And not vnto, that Den, or Dreadfull *deepe*,
Whairin the damn'd ſhall dying neuer dye,
Bot thair, in euer skalding lead, ſhall ſleepe,
And euermoir, eternal Torments trie,
Jnto our *Couch*, we ſenſles ſeeme, and lie,
As if no braith, were in our breaſts, nor braine,
Bot once our ſleeping termes expir'd we ſpie,
And cleirly knowes, we liuely grow againe,
So in the graue (that of the duſt is dreſt,
A little time, and then to riſe) we reſt.

THis tranſitorious time,
And preſent paſſing life,
The *Scripture* cals, an *Pilgrimage*,
A *trauell*, *way*, a *ſtrife*,
Becauſe continually,
Jt but all reſting rins,
And plies vnto an end fra once,
Jt enters and begins,
For like as they, whom *ſhips*,
Or wheeled coatches *carrie*,
Altho they either ſit, or ſleepe,
They tine no time, nor tarrie,
Bot as with wings, and wind,
Supported they proceed, ſpy,)
(Though they their paſſage cannot
And ſpurring, poſts with ſpeed.
So eu'ry one, of vs,
Albeit we buſied be,
With worldly works, and plainely ſo,
Cannot perceiue, nor ſee,
Our life of little length,
Like waxen *tapers* ſpend,
Yet but dignoſcing, driues our daies,
And we draw to our end.
The Poſts and paſſengers,
As many gaits they goe,
So much they ſee, and hauing ſeene,
They ſeeke no more, and ſo,
What in their way they view,
Before them what they finde,

They

They gaze vpon, then goes and leaues
What they beheld behinde.
As forward then they fair,
Before them set, they see
Most wondrous worthie works t'invit,
the most envyous eie:
Which for a while th'admire,
As glorious, rich, and rare,
Yet they returne to travell on,
And may not tarie there.
Thereafter Middows, Fields,
And Pastures plaine they spy;
Whereat they wonder and they gaze,
And gazing they go by.
Then in their progresse they
They obviat, and meete
Sometime with silver Sanded Streams
Some sowre, some sharp, some sweet
Sometimes with Fountains fresh,
And Conduits cristalene,
And oft with Orchards full of frute,
And Forrests grassie grene.
Which for a time content,
They visie and rejoes,
Bot shortlie satiat with the sight,
They take their gaits and goes.
Where they before them finde,
A wilde vnpleasant way,
Of thistles, thornes, and brears, where [they
Constrained are to stay:
Yet with great greefand paine,
Woe and vexation sore:

Theſe perlous paths, they over paſſe,
Then minds on them no more.
Suchlike ſome one will be
Incarcerat, and caſt
Jn firmance, or in priſon put,
And therein fettered faſt.
Vext, and afflicted too,
Or to the torment taine:
Yet all theſe greefs, he will forget,
If he b'inlargd againe.
Even ſo with *vs* it is,
One moment we do meete,
With many moſt delightfull things,
All pleaſant to the Sperit.
An other while we finde,
Diſpleaſant Greefs, moſt groſſe,
And Sorrows, that excedinglie,
Our cheef Contents, does croſſe.
Yet all our greefs and game,
Jnto an houre, O nay,
Jnto a moment, they ſhall melt
And vaniſh will away.
In publict paths we ſee
A new imprinted paſſe,
Anone an other with his foot,
That foor-ſtep doth deface.
An other comes, and with
His duſt-depreſſing dint,
Incontinent he does cancell,
His Predicefſours print.
And thus our nat'rall life.
Whereof we make ſo much,

And mainlie muſes to mentaine,
Js it not ſee you ſuch?
Saith *Baſile*, ask and ſpeir
At theſe thy grow's and grange,
Vnto thy days how many Names,
They vſe to chop and change.
Some-time they did belong
To ſuch a one, and ſine
An other did poſſeſſe the ſame,
And laſtlie they are thine.
Perhaps ſome other yet
Shall in thy place ſuccead,
And occupie the place, when thou
Art diſpoſſeſd, or dead.
Or laſtlie thoſe now thy
Poſſeſſions preſent ſhall
Be call'd, perteining to ſuch one,
Whoſe ſcarcelie none can tell.
And why? becauſe this life
Is like a walking way;
Wherein one paſſinger expels,
By courſe an other way.
Bot loe, a little looke,
More hie, to hier things,
And mark the mutabilities
Of *Monarchies* and *Kings*.
How many everie age
We ſee aims, points, aſpires,
And covets *Crouns, Swords, Sceptors, Thrones*,
Great *Kingdomes* and *Empyres*.
And when oft-times they haue
With troubles, travels, toyle;

De-population of the land,
Impietie, and ſpoyle:
And oft-times too with death,
Of innocents obtaind,
All their ambitious bold deſires
The'are forc'd and conſtraind:
And to giue place compeld,
Not obſtant their Eſtates,
To their Succeſſours, or them ſelfs,
Be ſatled in their ſeats.
This day one rules or raignes,
To morrow he is dead,
Yet others ſhortlie ſhall aſcend,
And in his ſeat ſucceid.
Departed, buried, dead,
And to the graue once gone,
Fairwel, th'are well away, ſoone ſhall
Be re-poſſeſt their throne.
Like *Maskars* on a ſtage,
They paſſe their time, and play,
Some ſittes, ſalutes, aſcends, deſcends.
They come and goe away.
Conſider this we ſhould,
That man his life is bot
A journey, or ſeducing way, (:.)
And time that taries not.
Bot ſpeciallie to thoſe
Moſt doubtles dangerous,
That they be here but Paſſingers,
Which be oblivious.
And who too much does ſtand
Vpon occurrent things,

The which occasion, represents,
And oft for obiect brings,
For know the night will come,
And quickly it will come,
When many shall be fast asleepe,
Whairof, there shall be some,
Whose negligence, and slouth,
Shalbe a bar to them,
To beare them back, from the most ho-
ly hie *Ierusalem*,
Whairby they shall become,
(A fearefull sorie sight,)
An pray vnto th'infernall *Wolfes*,
That wander be the night.

To his Maiesties great Commissioner G. E. *Marshall*
Lo. K. and Altrie.

GReat *Fabius*, far famous for his facts,
Be long delaies, he did restore the state,
Nought greatest hast, the gravest Actions acts,
Nor are they lost, altho a-doing late;
So generous, and Thou most worthie Than,
Walk with that wise and Inclite *Fabian*.

Alex. Rupeo. Suo, S.

KInd, Cunning, *Crag*, I can nought bot commend,
Thy wondrous wit, thy Judgement, thy Ingyne,
For thy attempts, brought to so braue an end,
Bewrayes thee for, none wordly, bot divine,
And if thou list, from Men to lead thy Line,
Or brwik, that they, thy first for-Beares ware

Then

Then'cording too, this Judgement meane of mine,
Thee to no *Craig*, nor *Petra*, I compare,
Bot I avow, proclame, and does declare,
Thee, (th'only he, that ſol'deſerues the ſame,)
That learned old, the great *Petrarchas* heare,
He was the *Craig*, of whom, thou (*ſandie*) came.
For with thy works, that worthie thou reuiu's,
And by thy lines, his Ladie *Laura* liues.

Vpon thee honourable gentleman Iohn Da. and Iohn
Sibalds of Kair.

LOoke here below, into this ludge, whair lies,
Dead in the Lord, the father, ſonne, and Oyo,
By name, and Nature, *SIB-BALD* both and wiſe.
Honeſt, diſcret, and ſotiall alſo,
Whoſe *ſpreits* aboue, in mouths of men Remaines,
Their *fame*, their *fleſh*, this Terren *Tombe* contains.

To the Ghoſt of the moſt noble Ladie, Lad e Elizabeth
Gordon Counteſſe of Dunbar.

IF *Vertue*, *wit*, and if *diſcretion* doe,
With *pietie* expoſtulat a praiſe,
If th'outward ſhape, may be collauded to,
Than *thou* adorn'd with thoſe into thy daies,
Muſt nocht (*Madam*) expect nor looke for leſſe,
Nor all that *Art* or Poeſie can expreſſe.

Thought

Thonght all that *Art*, or *Poesie* can expresse,
About thy pale imprinted war, and pend:
Yet should thy praise (*great Ladie*) I confesse
Permit no point, no period, nor end:
Bot be a solemne subiect to be sung,
In th'after age, with each Poetick Tongue.

Of changing Fortune and her effects into
This age.

HE first that did a Fortune faine to be,
And but her eyes vpon a Rolling Round,
Shuip her to sit, in my opinion, He,
May passe for an, both famous, and Profound,
For lo as shee, vnsarled seemes to sit,
So flowing ay, all her affaires does flitt.

Behold each day, and see a sundrie change,
The *Proud* depresst, and simple Spreits promou'd
The skilfull scornd, and what is yet more strange,
The Foole preferd, and loiterers belou'd:
And all things known, come of contrarious kinde,
Turnd topsie turvie be this fortune blinde.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED
and most noble Earle George Earle of
Anzie. L. G. *&c.*

GReat gallant *Youth*, thy *Bogie-valley*, wailes,
And louingly, laments thy absence long,
Thy *Bogie* bursts, and as inragd she railes,
And waries all the *world* for this wrong:

Mour

Mourning ſhee moues the Montanes all among,
And as ſhe ſlides, ſhee ſoughs, ſhe ſhoutes and ſings,
With weeping voice, a ſad and ſorie ſong,
VVailing thy want, her watrie eies ſhee wrings,
While ſpaits of Tears, that from thoſe fontains ſprings
The Valies low, like furious floods o're flowes
And all her banks, in their diſdaine down dings
And with a thought, like thunder all ore throwes:
Yet noble *Lord*, haiſt home and you ſhall ſee,
Both *Bog* and *Bogie-waill* be blyth of Thee.

EPITAPH VPON THE HONORABLE young Gentleman of ſingular expectation *preuented by death* Walter Vrquart apeir. of Cragſtoun.

COnvert zour eyes vnto this Voult and view
This *Sepulture*, or this *ſpelunck* eſpie:
Whair (woe is me,) Wit, worth, and valour true,
Apollos freind, and *Pallas* loue does lie,
Of ſuch deſerts, while both thoſe Gods diſdaine,
That ſuch a man, mongſt mortals ſhould remaine.

To

TO THE MOST HONOVRED LA-
die, The Ladie Clunie.

WHen I revolue, or reckens, or recounts
All fauours fond, from my affected frends.
Aboue those all so high Thy merits mounts,
That my conceit, them scarsely comprehends.
So boundles be, thy benefits but ends,
While J ashame, for surely I must say
If nought my *Muse*, were mindefull of a mends,
For very woe, I vanish would away:
Bot since jn part, Shee preeses to repay,
And gladly yeelds, her indeauours as yours,
Then I protest, I repotest, and pray,
That these the labours of her idle hours:
In part for payment of my depts, receaue,
And hope at least (good *Lady*) for the leaue.

Deus vnita protegat Sceptra Mag. Brit.

THose *Crownes* conjoind and now vnited, *Lord*,
Into thy *mercie* with thy *power* protege:
And keepe thou them, at quiet, and accord,
Each with their old, and princely priuiledge:
And let no Wrong: nor no attempt betide,
Those royall *Realmes* vnited to deuide.

What greater joy, nor see two Kingdomes knit
Togither-chain'd, and locked into Loue,
And for two *Kings*, to see on *Cæsar* sit,
And both with *Maiestie* and *Mercie* moue:
Two royall *Scepters* with one happie hand,
And or'e two *Countries* quietly command.

No greater Grace nor richer blessing be,
Imparted to, no *Prince* his *Subiects* then.
Thou louing *Lord* (of thy benignitie,)
Bestowes on *Britans*, *Scots* and *Englishmen*,
For O we haue: from heauen a happie *Head*,
And from the same, a *Sonne* for to *succead*.

FINIS.

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¶ To such as shall peruse this Booke.

POETRIE *is so euery way made the Herauld of wantonnesse, as there is not now any thing too vncleane for lasciuious rime; which among some (in whose hearts God hath wrought better things) hath bin the cause, why so generall an imputation is laid vpon this ancient and industrious Arte. And I, to cleere (as I might) verse, from the soyle of this vnworthinesse, haue herein (at least) proued that it may deliuer good matter, with fit harmonie of words, though I haue erred in the latter. The way to* Doe well, *is not so doubtfull, as not to be sought; neither so darke, but it may bee found. I confesse, I haue, touching my perticular, beene long carried with the doubts of* folly, youth, *and* opinion, *and as long miscaried in the darknesse of vnhappinesse, both in* mention *and* action. *This was not the path that led to a contented rest, or a respected name. In regarde whereof, I haue heere set forth the witnesse that may testifie what I desire to bee. Not that many should know it, but that many should take comfort by it. And* (kind Reader) *this is my request, that faults in Printing may be charitably corrected; that the sence of the matter may be wisely (and herein truely) construed, and so shall yee both approue your owne Iudgements, and right the Authour in his hopes.*

Farewell.

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